THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D: 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JANUARY 30, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

DRAWN BY GUERNSEY MOORE

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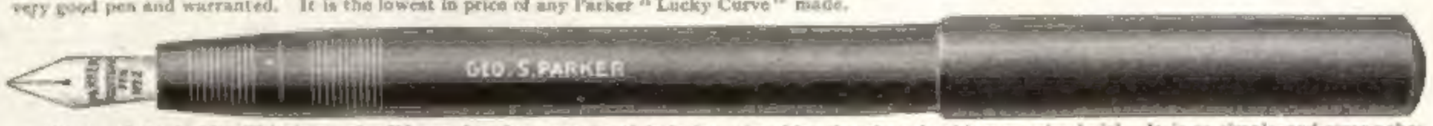

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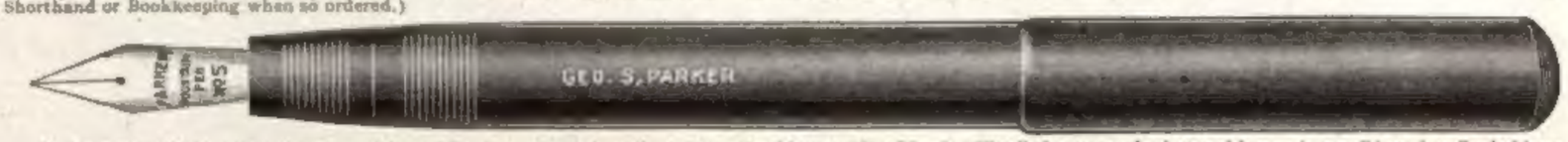

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GEO. S. PARKER, The Parker Pen Co., 90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis., U. S. A.

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Panama, Colombia and the United States

By Charles Emory Smith

FORTUNE has remarkably favored the United States at important emergencies of national development. Whether it be called providential or whether it be only natural evolution, the unexpected turn of events at critical junctures has contributed inestimably to our advancement. The stars in their courses have fought for the American Republic.

When Jefferson set out in 1803 to remove the obstructions to the free navigation of the Mississippi, he sought only the acquisition of New Orleans and West Florida. But the brief peace of Amiens had been broken; Napoleon was just entering on a fresh war with Europe; he wanted means and he did not want the impediment of Louisiana which he knew he could not hold against England's superior naval power; and so Jefferson, who started to buy New Orleans, was able to purchase for a song the vast French territory stretching from the Gulf to Canada which became the seat of our great trans-Mississippi Empire. It would inevitably have come to us at some time, but probably never so favorably and opportunely as then. So, just at the time when our industrial supremacy needed commercial outlets and when we were casting our eyes to the great new markets of the East the unforeseen acquisition of the Philippines through the Spanish war made the United States an Eastern Power and gave it the key to the desired opportunity on the immediate scene of action.

In like manner the possibility and prospect of the isthmian canal have been brought to our hands under the most favorable circumstances. Just when the door seemed to be closed for the time by the perverse action of Colombia, it was suddenly opened by a dramatic turn which placed within our easy reach all that we wanted under the most propitious conditions. Up to that moment even the best attainable was trammeled and embarrassed by complications. We were ready to accept it in spite of the difficulties because it was apparently the most we could hope for.

Then, even that unsatisfactory prospect vanished, and we were left to grope along on an uncertain pathway until in the twinkling of an eye the clouds disappeared and the chance for the canal presented itself under the best possible terms. Again rare good fortune was on the side of the United States.

A brief examination of the facts will make this plain. The great preponderance of intelligent and expert opinion has from the first been in favor of the Panama route for the canal, but it long seemed impracticable because it was in the hands of the French Company which held it at impossible figures. Under these circumstances the Nicaragua route was contemplated as the only open alternative. When the Nicaragua bill had passed the House and was about to pass the Senate the French Panama Company was brought to reason and offered to sell at the figures which our own Commission had reported as fair. Congress thereupon enacted the Spooner bill, which adopted the Panama route, and left a choice of the Nicaragua route only in case insuperable obstacles appeared to Panama. It then remained to make the necessary negotiations with Colombia. This took the form of the Hay-Herran Treaty, which was unsatisfactory in various provisions. It did not give the United States the full control which it ought to have. It established a divided jurisdiction and mixed tribunals. But it was acquiesced in because it seemed to be the best that could be had, and nothing was left but Colombia's ratification to complete it.

The selfish and sordid politicians at Bogota, however, thought they saw their chance, and they perfidiously rejected the treaty in the expectation of securing a larger stake for themselves. Then the people of Panama, whose very life-blood is the construction of the canal, and who saw their most vital interests thus wantonly disregarded at Bogota, threw off the Colombian yoke, declared their independence, and established the Republic of Panama. Here was the great opportunity suddenly and happily thrown into our hands. President Roosevelt promptly recognized and protected the new government. A new treaty was quickly made with the new nation which embodied all that we had fallen short of in the treaty with Colombia. It gave the United States full control of the canal strip. It did away with divided jurisdiction. It made the canal territory American in all essential elements. More than all, it surrounded the canal with a friendly people under a friendly government, instead of leaving it in a country under unfriendly and sinister rule. No development could have been more fortunate. It is practically equivalent to the construction of the canal in American territory. Panama is dependent on the United States for security. It amounts to a protectorate. It gives all the advantage of control without the disadvantage of responsibility for the local management of an alien and mixed people.

The book of fate has rarely, with the turn of a single leaf, disclosed a happier fortune. The value of bringing the canal within reach under such peculiarly favorable conditions is plain to all. The result is inestimable. If free from blame it is a great national blessing. Is, then, the method of attaining it open to question? Was there any legal or moral wrong in the action of the United States? Did the President overstep the limits of right in recognizing the New Panama authority and intervening against Colombian warfare on Panama soil? On the first point there can be no just reproach. The recognition of the Republic of Panama was undoubtedly prompt, but that is not a matter of criticism. It was neither unprecedented nor unlawful. When a new nation and a new government shall be recognized is entirely a matter of discretion. There is no controlling and binding principle. It may be granted that the usual rule is to wait until the new candidate for national honors has shown the ability to maintain itself, but this is neither universal nor obligatory. If a neighboring nation has any interest in hastening recognition there is nothing in practice or in law to forbid it.

The only points which are open to question are, first, whether the Government of the United States connived at the revolution, and, second, whether it was justified in practically restraining Colombia from exercising force to maintain her sovereignty over the revolted state. The first point is cleared by the President's special message. His positive assertion that "no one connected with this Government had any part in preparing, inciting or encouraging the late revolution on the isthmus of Panama" must be accepted. Besides resting on the President's own honor, this statement fully harmonizes with the general facts as they are known to the world. The revolution occurred on the third of November. Its inevitable approach had been predicted from many sources. The newspapers for two months in advance were full of reports of its coming. On the sixteenth of October two army officers who had just returned from the isthmus gave the President a detailed account of the organization of a

revolutionary party and of the preparations for an uprising. On the nineteenth, only two weeks before the revolution, the first anticipatory step was taken by our Government.

This step was to dispatch two or three warships to the immediate vicinity of the expected outbreak for the protection of American interests and the fulfillment of the American obligation to maintain free and uninterrupted transit. If the President had done anything less than this he would have been justly exposed to the reproach of falling short of an imperative duty. It was his business to know what every other close observer knew. Knowing that a revolt was coming he would have been derelict had he failed to take measures for the care of American rights. The utmost that can be said on the other side is that, though our Government had no part in the revolution, the very dispatch of American warships to the scene of action was an encouragement to the revolutionists. But if this be true, it was something for which the Government was in no way responsible. It was the inseparable incident of the discharge of our national duty. The Government was bound to protect American life and property. It was bound to fulfill its treaty obligation of preserving free transit. This demanded the presence of warships and marines with the avowed purpose of protecting the Panama line against interference; and if the revolutionists knew that, in the nature of the case, this measure of protection would operate as a barrier against Colombian attack, there was no way of escaping it. It was the unavoidable outgrowth of the situation.

This clears the way as to any complicity in the revolution and as to the recognition of the new Republic, and it leaves as the only point open to controversy the question whether our Government was justified in preventing Colombia from taking the necessary means to defend her sovereign rights against the revolutionists. This is the crux of the whole issue. It is best to be entirely candid in the matter. Our Government went beyond the mere protection of the Panama railroad. It did not announce its purpose in advance and so did not incite the revolution with the assurance of its support, but when the revolution came it cannot be denied that our Government restrained Colombia from any measures of self-defense. It warned Colombia that she could not land troops anywhere on the soil of Panama. If she did she confronted war with the United States. It will be wise in all discussion to recognize the full gravity of this proposition. It cannot be successfully evaded, and if the President's action cannot be defended at this point, it cannot be defended at all. Here is the centre of the fight.

The justification of the President's action must rest not on any narrow or technical defense, but upon the high ground of public rights and the interests of civilization. It must depend on considerations which rise above national claims and ordinary law and which involve the welfare of mankind. It must vindicate itself, not through the common rule of action, but through the higher sense and conscience of the world. The President's attitude in respect to the sovereignty of Colombia, it may be admitted, was extraordinary. But the occasion and the reasons were extraordinary, and they will justify themselves in the forum of public intelligence and of history by their intrinsic and indisputable right. This is not the first time that the United States has stepped beyond the common law of national non-intervention. Our Government has asserted and followed the higher law of public right both when our immediate national security was alone involved and when the principle of humanity and the general welfare dictated it.

When Florida belonged to Spain it became a refuge of pirates and bandits. From its hidden recesses they made predatory raids on the neighboring American communities. Beyond this annoyance the break in our own Atlantic and Gulf coast line by this foreign territory was a menace. There was reason to fear that Spain might sell the domain to some stronger Power under which it would become a still greater danger. Accordingly, in 1811, Congress passed a resolution to the effect that "the United States, under the peculiar circumstances of the existing crisis, cannot, without serious inquietude, see any part of the said territory pass into the hands of any foreign power; and that a due regard for their own safety compels them to provide under certain contingencies for the temporary occupation of the said territory." In conjunction with this resolution Congress passed a law authorizing the President to take possession of Florida in the event of any attempt to occupy it by any foreign Power, and accompanied it with an appropriation of $100,000 for contingent expenses. The commanding general in Georgia was directed to execute the purpose thus declared.

The Higher Law of Self-Protection

NOW this was a bold and unequivocal defiance of the common law of nations. Spain's title to Florida was just as good as ours to Georgia. By all ordinary rules she had a perfect right either to hold her territory or to sell it whenever she pleased. But the United States declared that she could do neither. We virtually proclaimed war against Spain if she should undertake to sell the territory and war against any nation that should undertake to buy it. We went still further. We practically notified Spain that she must dispose of the territory to us or accept war as the alternative. We were determined to have Florida, peaceably if we could, forcibly if we must. All this was a complete disregard of the code of nations, and the justification for it was the higher law of self-protection. There is nothing in our attitude and action toward Colombia which is more extreme.

In the case of Cuba we intervened not for self-protection, but on the broad, high ground of humanity. At a much earlier day the United States came near intervening and annexing on much the same ground of national defense which was proclaimed in the case of Florida. In 1823 John Quincy Adams, who was ever vigorous and far-seeing in the assertion of true Americanism, wrote to the American Minister at Madrid that the dominion of Spain on this continent "is irrevocably gone"; that Cuba was indispensable to our geographical system and was destined to come to us by the law of political gravitation; and that its transfer to any other nation could not be tolerated. The development of events changed the policy of annexation, and our final intervention in 1898 was primarily and almost solely the mandate of humanity. It was in obedience to the higher law of civilization.

Under the common code of nations we had no right to interfere. The issue was between Cuba and Spain. We were not involved in the conflict. But when it became a question of stopping the holocaust we did interfere by virtue of our primary responsibility for the peace of the American continent, and, as a result of that interference, we changed the map of the hemisphere.

The action of President Roosevelt in the Panama affair has this higher justification, with a more direct and particular obligation. The fundamental purpose of the treaty of 1846 was the dedication of the Isthmus of Panama to the construction of an interoceanic canal. It was to be American and under American control. Pending and awaiting its construction the United States was charged with the protection of the transit, and through frequent disturbances for over half a century it had repeatedly landed marines to secure the transit against various combatants. This prolonged history emphasized and confirmed the right of American presence and interference. When Colombia refused the canal and the revolution came, the United States had the special rights of the treaty, and it had the higher rights of the higher law. It had the canal to secure for the world. It had peace to preserve for those who would have been at each other's throats. If our Government was justified in intervening against Spain in Cuba, then by the same token, and even by a more specific title, it was justified in intervening against Colombia in Panama.

It was the broad consciousness of this truth that led the country to support the President's action. The instincts of the American people were right. They were above any narrow hypercriticism. They saw that, by a sudden turn, the isthmian canal was within our grasp under the most auspicious conditions. They saw that Colombia, by the perversity of her controlling element, had forfeited all claim to consideration. They saw that prompt and decisive action, the quick and masterful leadership which marks the great stages of American progress, would avert bloodshed and consummate a signal work for America and for mankind. And with this clear perception and sure judgment they disregarded all small side questions and went straight to the heart of the supreme issue of American opportunity and duty and of civilization's demand.

The attitude of the people of the South is especially notable. The expression of that section has been more broadly national, more free from partisan spirit, more distinctly American than any it has given forth since the Civil War. The Spanish war brought out the national and patriotic impulse of the South, but that was a foreign war with all its glowing appeal to united action against a foreign foe. It involved no party division. The present question, though essentially free from all political color, and wholly national and international in its significance, lends itself more easily to partisan perversion. But the demonstrations in the South in support of the President's action and in favor of ratifying the treaty which will assure the prosecution of the great interoceanic waterway that has been the nation's dream for so many years, constitute a worthy example of patriotic Americanism. They have probably made the treaty secure and so have conferred an inestimable benefit on the country.

There is but one aspect of the matter that remains to be touched, and that must be done in the fewest words. How will this action affect the relations of the United States with the South American Republics? Will they be inflamed and embittered by what they may regard as the summary and severe treatment of one of their sisterhood? There is nothing in that consideration which cannot be composed by judicious handling. The justification of the American course must be plain even to those that may be somewhat irritated by it. And beyond that, the United States will undoubtedly be generous to Colombia, and, though there be no legal claim, as there was none on the part of Spain after the Spanish war, the payment of liberal consolation money will do much to reconcile discontent.

At all events, we must fulfil the immediate duty and meet the future as it comes.

THE NEGRO OF TO-DAY

His Prospects and His Discouragements

By Joel Chandler Harris

IT WAS not so long ago that he has forgotten it that a friend of mine from the North called on me—sought me out, so to say, on my snap-bean farm—and, without the least apology, renewed a discussion that had been broken off several years before by a railway time-table which informed me that I had just time to catch an outgoing train from New York. As the train was headed for the South it was hardly necessary for me to apologize for interrupting the discussion in a somewhat summary way; and so it hung in the air by loose ends for several years until my friend, with pardonable impatience, determined to have the matter out with me on ground of my own choosing.

Meanwhile, much to the surprise of both of us, our positions had been reversed. In New York he was of the opinion that if the South gave the negro half a chance he would show what metal he was made of, while I, at the time and place aforesaid, could see no hope in the future of the negro. But he had traveled to some extent in the South before reaching the snap-bean farm, and his views had undergone a complete change. On every other subject he was sane and sunny, but when it came to the negro he was a hopeless pessimist.

My friend had whirled through parts of the South in a Pullman car, had viewed the situation from the flying window, and had come to the conclusion that the negro had no future. Indeed, there was not much future for anybody in this region, though he was willing to admit that Atlanta had a smart appearance. His pessimism reached out over the negro and embraced the poor whites, the tackies, the crackers, and all others of that class.

Now, in discussing the negro question with my friend at the North I had been compelled in self-defense to put forward views that were foreign to my mind and belief. I had supposed that they would be accepted as half-humorous hinges for the discussion to swing back and forth upon; but I found that they had not only been taken seriously, but had been adopted bodily; and I was extremely sorry, for my friend is a genuine philanthropist, full of love for all things human.

I soon discovered why his views had changed, and the reason was such a small one that I could but laugh behind my hand. He had been made the astonished victim of the insolence of a negro porter of a sleeping-car. What the porter said or did I was never able to discover, but it was something that had the effect of shocking the sensibilities of my friend. It was in vain that I tried to convince him that the porter belonged to one of the classes of irresponsibles that are to be found in every race on the face of the globe; the porter was a negro and fitted in well with the other fleeting glimpses of various individuals of the colored race; and that was the end of it so far as my Northern friend was concerned—the end of it, that is to say, for a time, for since then I have seen his name in a list of those who had made liberal contributions to aid the practical education of the negro in the South.

I have mentioned my friendly discussion with this Northerner for the purpose of emphasizing the fact that it is the little things that count in the formation of opinions. A stranger in the South sees the helpless array of loafers, both white and colored, at the railway stations, and he comes to

the conclusion that the whole population is thriftless and shiftless; he visits a city, and he observes the negro barbers and the hotel-waiters performing their antic follies on the guitar or zither, or he witnesses the insolence of a negro porter, and he concludes that all the negroes are of the same irresponsible order.

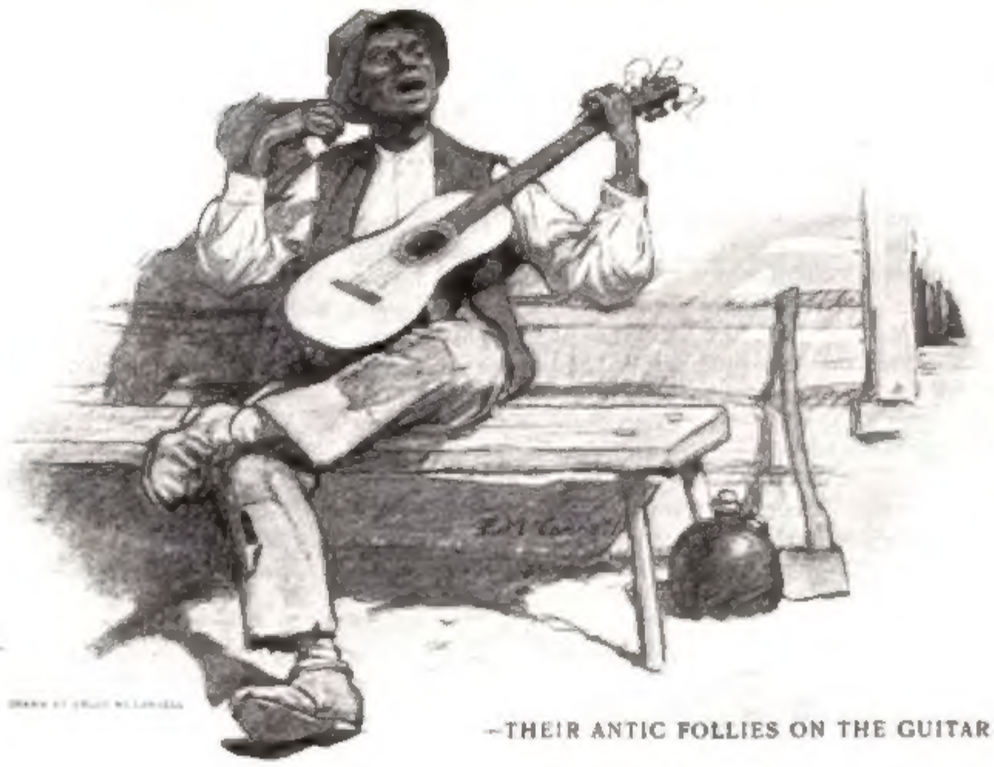
But it is not so, nor even measurably so. The guitar and zither players and the crap-shooters are all parts of the furniture of the house of sorrows, and I suppose have a definite place in the scheme of Providence; but it is this class of irresponsibles that is made to stand for the race in the comic papers, where the "coon" plays a leading part.

One thing is certain: when we come to form our conclusions and make up our judgment on the testimony of little things we make a confession of prejudice and intolerance, and we find it impossible to take a broad and catholic view of the whole question, whatever it may be. We cannot fairly judge a race, or a country, or a religious institution, or a social organization, or society itself — nay, not even the republic in which we take pride — unless we measure it by the standards set up by the men who are its best representatives. Unless we judge every human institution by its best products, instead of its worst, we shall find ourselves far from the truth; and this being so, who are we that we shall judge the products of the Almighty by their worst, instead of their best, results?

During the course of our talk at the snap-bean farm many things that deserve consideration in an article of this kind were touched on. There were some things that my friend could look straight in the face, and he mentioned—though without any display of regret—that there was a kind of mysterious periodicity with respect to the South's attitude toward the negro. Sometimes he would read in the newspapers of the day that the negroes were getting along as well as could be expected—in fact far better than any one could have hoped under the circumstances; and then, within the course of a few short months, he would find in the same newspapers long articles going to show that, in spite of the fact that Northern philanthropists had poured out their money like water for the educational advancement of the negro, he was going backward instead of forward; that his book-learning, such as he could imbibe, was unfitting him for the practical duties that his station would call on him to perform; that every student at a school meant a hand taken permanently from the cotton-patch and the cornfield — and so forth and so on.

My friend is a very busy man at home, and I judged that he read the Southern newspapers, such as came his way, with more attention than he gave to those published next door; otherwise, he would have discovered, almost without any effort on his part, that the hopeful and friendly tone of the Southern newspapers at various times was usually coincident with an absence of agitation at the North on the negro question, and vice versa—if I may be permitted to employ the choice dialect of Uncle Cæsar.

There can be no doubt that since the day of emancipation the negro has experienced the seamy side of justice; but who has been all along responsible for this state of things? There can be but one answer to this question: whatever form or system of injustice he has been made the victim of has been almost entirely due to the unwise and unnecessary crusade inaugurated in his behalf by the politicians of the North, who neither knew nor cared anything for the situation at the South. Indeed, there was a time when negro outrages at the South were deemed so essential to the welfare of these politicians that when real ones failed to occur their newspaper organs made a business of inventing them.



—THEIR ANTIC FOLLIES ON THE GUITAR

In addition to this, there was an assiduous effort made to convince the negro that the Southern people were his worst enemies, bent on subjecting him to some form of permanent servitude. These things had their inevitable effect, and in many instances the negro has been made to suffer for the folly of his political friends. These politicians, by way of showing what queer pranks ignorance — to call it by no severer name — can cut in the presence of great questions, endeavored to hand over to the negro, but a few months from slavery, the reins of political power. They did this, they said, that he might be able to protect himself.

In pursuance of this policy they placed in his hands the governments of several States and kept him there for a time by means of American bayonets; but it was only for a time, for when the bayonets were withdrawn the negro governments fell to pieces like houses of cards. This experiment was the beginning of all the troubles and difficulties that the negro has been made the victim of. He, the poor tool, has been practically held responsible for all the ills and all the evils that have followed the effort to make him a citizen and a political power before his time.

The truth is, the responsibility of the negro was no more than that of a little child who had wandered, quite by accident, into the halls of legislation, and remained, pleased at the novelty of the situation, and yet wondering what it was all about. Like a novice learning to play chess, he moved whatever pieces he was told to move, and when no one was observing him closely he moved others for his own amusement. Behind him was the imported carpet-bagger and the native scalawag, and these, receiving their orders from Washington, played havoc with things in general, and with the negro in particular; and when it was thought that the temper of the Southern people had been tried to the utmost, and when there were no more State treasuries to loot, carpet-bagger and scalawag retired to their original obscurity, leaving the unfortunate negro to bear the brunt of the whole business.

If the politicians, who were the moving cause, had been filled with undying hate for the negro their attitude and acts would betray some show of consistency; but all of them were old enough to know something of human nature, and they knew that the outcome of their folly would manifest itself in some form of reprisal in the South; and when the reprisals came they were used as campaign material to keep the politicians in power. I am not referring to this matter in terms that my knowledge thereof would justify; if I were to do so I should be accused of carrying the discussion back to a weary time, when all was hate and confusion.

It was unfortunate, as a matter of course, that the South should have permitted itself to be goaded, or that it should have turned something more than a cold shoulder to the negro, or that it should have allowed him to suffer for the sins of the white leaders; but the South has never claimed to be superior to human nature. In fact the people here have always had a little more than a fair share of human nature; and it would be too much to expect them, in the heat of the moment — and there have been many heated moments since the war — to rise superior to the instincts of human nature and practice the philosophy that has been commended to us by the wise men of all ages. In fact neither the South nor the North practices it, for it is one of the weaknesses of human nature that the average man, no matter what his race or his ambition, would rather perform a hasty act than deprive himself of the momentary pleasure of performing it.

It is, of course, possible to take a large view of the matter, and to say that whatever has happened to the negro, and to the white man by his side, has been for the best, and will count as helpful elements in the future; but it is always so easy to dispose of doubtful human actions by saddling them bodily on Providence that I cannot but regret the foolish, futile and revengeful policy of the Northern politicians and the unreasoning irritability of the Southern people.

I believe that, at bottom, a majority of the American people are at one with respect to the negro and his future, and the reason I have for making the statement is a sound one, namely: that a large majority of the people of this country are blessed with common-sense in a larger measure than those of any other country on the globe. This innate common-sense has brushed away so many difficulties, and solved so many problems, and carried the country safely through so many crises, and has come to the front in so many emergencies, that it may confidently be depended on in the future.

In saying this I do not lose sight of the fact that this element has been conspicuously absent in the political treatment of the negro since the war. But I am convinced that this has been due to the ignorance of the average voter. Of late the North seems inclined to take a reasonable view of the difficulties by which the negro is surrounded — difficulties that concern the white people of the South even more intimately than they do the rest of the country. These difficulties have been and are still very serious, and on many occasions they have been rendered acute by the blind policy of certain politicians, or by a newspaper controversy based on dense ignorance on one side and unreasoning irritability on the other.

If any one can show me that discussion or agitation of the negro question or controversy over the political or social

status of the negro has tended in the slightest degree to improve his condition, or add to his welfare, or promote his best interests, I shall be the first to stir it up and hark it on and applaud its continuance; but I think that the contrary can be shown. I know that it has done harm. In the first place, as I have already said, it has always tended to irritate the South; and though I am willing to deplore such irritation as unnecessary, nevertheless I am bound to recognize the limitations of human nature, whether at the North or at the South. In the second place, this agitation, whether in the halls of Congress or in the newspapers, has had a tendency to give a majority of the negroes totally false ideas as to their status in the communities in which they live—so much so that a majority of them have felt themselves to be divorced from the interests of the whites and therefore from their responsibilities as citizens, and they have felt it to be their duty to antagonize every policy that the whites have put forward.

But the negro is not directly responsible for this attitude; it is a part of the first lessons that he learned from the carpet-baggers. At the very beginning of emancipation he was placed in a false position. When the Freedman's Bureau was in operation, and for a long time after it passed away, he considered himself the ward of the nation, and, if the truth were told, some such idea dimly haunts his dreams to this day. He was not only the ward of the nation, but he was to have special privileges, and in every contingency that arose he was to be taken care of.

Under the circumstances he was more than justified in drawing such a conclusion. He could point to hundreds of demonstrations and declarations in political campaigns, to exhortations in pulpits, to wild and whirling denunciations on the floor of Congress and elsewhere, and to thousands of editorial articles from the pens of men absurdly ignorant of the damage they were doing. The negro knew no better than to believe that he had been singled out for special favors at the hands of the Government, and it was, and is, a pity that he should have been held responsible for this belief.

The reader will say that I am repeating myself, but sometimes a little wholesome iteration is necessary where a fact is concerned, and the fact that I am emphasizing is responsible for all the misunderstanding that has arisen between the whites of the South and the negroes. In spite of it all, however, the condition of the negro has been steadily growing better. His relations with his white friends are no longer strained; he is beginning dimly to perceive that the welfare and progress of the individual is of more importance both to him and his neighbors than politics and promises that are made to be broken. He is beginning to realize that the best interests of all the members of the community in which he lives are also his best interests, and he is ordering his affairs accordingly. He is beginning to perceive that a negro's surest road to the respect and confidence of the white man is along the old route of individual industry and thrift and general usefulness to the community that is useful to him; and he is discovering for himself that the material things that make for prosperity and progress are as close to the trained hand and brain of the negro as they are to the hand of the white man.

Nevertheless, there are many Southern people who steadily refuse to believe that the negro has any wholesome future before him, and some of them even write communications to the papers in order to demonstrate the shiftless characteristics of the race; and there are men of the highest character and intelligence who claim that the two races can never live under the same government and in the same communities without inviting a race war on the one hand or amalgamation on the other, and that one or the other of these contingencies can only be averted by deportation to some country or territory where the negro can have everything his own way. Moreover, there are to be found individual instances where the assertion is made that the negro is going backward instead of forward; but individual instances of this kind are worth no more than the individuals themselves. In such cases you cannot argue from the particular to the general without doing wholesale injustice, for the facts are all the other way.

Then there is the subject of negro education, and this is a fruitful source of pessimism. We are told that the average negro is so incapable of taking an education that he cannot even attempt it without unfitting himself for those duties in which he has been most useful; and some go so far as to say that it destroys his usefulness altogether. We hear, also, that he is getting too much of what is called the higher education, and that the result is ruinous.

Again, there is complaint made that, although Booker Washington's Tuskegee Institute has been in successful operation for several years, and has made such progress as to arrest the attention of thoughtful men everywhere, he is not yet engaged in supplying our people with a superior article of house-servant. In short, it is possible to gather up numerous complaints of all kinds from various uneasy and contentious sources; and if you dispose of one another will soon fly in your face.

I know of a young negro who is a good Latin scholar—and he helps his father make boots and shoes. This may be pretty bad, but if any one can show me that he makes a worse shoe with his Latin than he would without it I shall turn a readier ear to complaints that at present strike me as far-fetched. Moreover, although Booker Washington has entered into no contract, so far as I know, to supply the country with house and farm servants, his school would make small impression on the demand for those desirable adjuncts even if he sent out forty thousand graduates a year.

But I desire to call attention to a fact which, at first sight, seems to be of no importance, but which, on a closer view, becomes highly important. When it is said of the negro that he is not capable of assimilating the learning taught in the schools, or that he is unable to utilize the benefits to be derived from education, there must be some standard by which he is measured or with which he is compared. Necessarily, that standard is the present capabilities of the white race; but how unjust to the negro to compare his infantile efforts to the accomplishments of the white race! He is only about three centuries from a state of barbaric slavery in Africa compared with which his term of servitude in the United States was Christian freedom.

But if such a comparison is to be made, why not go back to the first forty years of the freedom of those who, in Great Britain, were held as serfs by England's invaders. There can be no doubt, though history has a gap here, that these English serfs were brothers to the ox, just as it has been said that the negroes are brothers to the mule. If we are to make any comparisons at all, why not measure what the negro is doing with what our ancestors were doing at the same stage of development?

The negro is of a different race, it is true, and his mind may fail to respond to the different processes of civilization and enlightenment; but this remains to be seen. It has not failed to respond thus far. He seems to be getting along remarkably well considering all the circumstances by which he has been surrounded. He is acquiring property quite rapidly, and in our modern civilization this faculty is regarded, whether rightly or not, as the highest possible test of progress.

The negro is also acquiring an education, slowly, as a matter of course, but surely; and by so much as the minds of the present generation are prepared and equipped, by just so much will the minds of the generation to come be prepared to assimilate knowledge. Public opinion in the South—the opinion that controls and leads—has no such views with respect to the negro, for the Southern States have spent millions and are still spending millions to educate the negro.

So far as education is concerned, I am fully persuaded that both blacks and whites are getting too much of the wrong kind and not half enough of the right kind. There seems to be an educational craze on all sides that must be left to wear itself out. Such has been the nature of the popular clamor that the real purpose of education has been lost sight of, and we are turning out heathen by the million, who enter on the business of life with the dimmest ideas of religion or morals.

Education for its own sake—the education that more than compensates for the time and effort necessary to acquire it—has been put bodily out of the schools.

And we are in such a furious hurry about the education that has become the national fetish, for the reason that it is quickly over with, that we are impatient with what the negro has accomplished. We are placed in the position of expecting a race but a few years from the inevitable ignorance imposed on it by the conditions of slavery to make the most remarkable progress that the world has ever heard of; and when we discover that, in the nature of things, this is impossible, we shake our heads sadly, and are ready to lose heart and hope.

If Booker Washington is pointed out as an example of what may be done by a negro who, in his youth, was in touch with slavery, the reply is that he is a phenomenon, and that, in the nature of things, we cannot expect the race to produce many such; or we are told that the white blood in his veins is a sufficient explanation of his remarkable career. But is it not true that a man like Booker Washington is an exception in any race? He is an orator of great power, a writer of unusual ability, and an extraordinary administrator of large and complicated interests. And as to his negro blood, why not state the fact in a different way? Why does it not operate to hamper and hinder him?

I do not ask any one to share my hopefulness with respect to the negro, nor is it necessary that the views I am putting forth should be accepted. There have been many developments of one sort and another well calculated to fatigue and disappoint and disgust those who are all the time hoping for the best. There have been among the negroes manifestations of brutality unparalleled, so far as I know, since the dawn of civilization, and the reprisals that have been made are but the natural result of the horror that must fill the bosoms of the best men who are brought sharply face to face with such cruelty and bestiality. Both the crime and the nature of the reprisals are nauseating and horrible, but where there is one the other must be expected, even in the North.

Sonnets of Unrequited Love

By S. E. Kiser

I

When I was twelve and she was twenty-three
  I longed to be a bareback rider, so
  That she might watch me in the tented show,
And, as my milk-white steed, unbridled, free,
Went galloping, in fancy I could see
  Her standing up to cheer my act and throw
  Fond kisses at me, letting people know
That all her love she gladly yielded me.

'Twas thus, when I was twelve, my fancies ran;
  I gazed with awe upon her luscious charms;
I wished to dazzle as a circus man
  And thereby lure her to my willing arms—
Alas, how little did I value life
The day that she became a barber's wife.

II

When I was worldly-wise and twenty-one
  And she was passing fair and twenty-nine
  I longed to ride a charger down the line,
I wished to lead where with the sword and gun
Heroic deeds and daring might be done;
  That she whose laugh was like the rarest wine
  Might, when I bravely asked her to be mine,
Come with her arms outstretched and on the run.

'Twas thus that I at twenty-one was filled
  With longings to be glorious for her:
'Twas otherwise, alas, that Fortune willed—
  We may not shape affairs as we prefer—
How ruthlessly my glad young hopes were killed
  The day she married that bald widower.

III

When I was thirty-five, and married, Fate
  Saw fit that she should be but twenty-four—
  I did not break the sacred bonds I wore,
But yearned to hear her promise me to wait
For some one else to pass through Heaven's gate—
  I wondered if upon the golden shore
  Men's souls might claim the souls they here adore,
With ne'er a chance of getting there too late.

'Twas thus that I at thirty-five was hit:
  I thought to do prodigious things, that praise
Should come to me, so that she might see fit
  To give me loyal worship all her days;
But she, not knowing, shared another's lot.
And I caressed my baby and forgot.

IV

When I am eighty and blue eyed and gray
  I wonder what the charmer's age will be?
  O shall some fair, stout matron give to me
The old, sweet thrill I had at twelve, or may
She but have lately put short skirts away?
  Perchance some lovely one of twenty-three
  Or twenty-four or twenty-nine may see
The love light o'er my ancient features play.

Ah, well, no matter, since 'tis sure that when
  I gladly gaze upon her I shall know
That she surpasses all the rest, that men
  Shall never see her equal here below,
And some one else will come and get her then—
  And it will probably be better so.

And I see nothing promising in the attitude of the negro race, as a whole, toward those who fall victims of their own bestiality, for, until very lately, the negroes, especially the negro preachers who have had a taste of politics, have been disposed to regard the negro criminals as martyrs to race prejudice. This attitude has had a very bad effect on public opinion, and I consider it one of the main reasons for the pessimism with respect to the race that has of late been vented so freely.

The reason that I can afford to be hopeful in the matter lies in the fact that I am familiar with the history of a county in Middle Georgia where the negroes have a majority of the population. In that county lynching is unknown because the particular crime that incites to lynching is unknown. Such a crime has never been committed in the county, and I mention the fact with considerable pride, for the reason that it is the county of my birth. It may be thought that this is a descent to the particular, but the point I desire to make is that the overwhelming majority of the negroes in all parts of the South, especially in the agricultural regions, are leading sober and industrious lives.

The Outlook a Hopeful One

A TEMPERATE race is bound to be industrious, and the negroes are temperate, as compared with the whites. I am speaking, of course, of the negroes on the farms, but even in the towns the majority of them are sober and industrious. The idle and criminal classes among them make a great show in the police-court records, but right here in Atlanta the respectable and decent negroes far outnumber those who are on the lists of the police as old or new offenders.

I am bound to conclude from what I see all about me, and from what I know of the race elsewhere, that the negro, notwithstanding the late start he has made in civilization and enlightenment, is capable of making himself a useful member in the communities in which he lives and moves, and that he is becoming more and more desirous of conforming to all the laws that have been enacted for the protection of society.

In the newspapers of the day there was recently printed a report of a meeting of prominent negroes. Among other things a set of resolutions was adopted calling on the race to live morally and decently, and urging the heads of families to look sharply after the comings and goings of their children. Though it is true that resolutions are not calculated to bring about a reform in this particular matter, they show that the representative negroes have discovered the main source of trouble among the blacks. Having once seen the evil, is it too much to hope that they will finally provide a remedy for the immorality that now exists?

The Chief Worth of a College Education

By Charles F. Thwing, LL. D.

A COLLEGE education is worth while for the sake of the manhood of the man himself. Man himself is more important than merchandise. Character is more precious than a checkbook. A man's heart is of greater worth than his house, be the house a residence or a business. One can interpret life in terms of dollars and become rich. It is well. One can interpret life in terms of intellect and get truth. One can interpret life in terms of will and get force. One can interpret life in terms of heart and get joy or exaltation. One can interpret life in terms of conscience and get righteousness, duty. One can interpret life in terms of the æsthetic faculty and get beauty, appreciation. Each of these results is also well. Each of these results is better than wealth. Treasures in one's self are better than treasures outside of one's self. Treasures in one's self are lost only by losing one's self; treasures outside one's self may be torn away.

It is well to discipline the character and to enrich the soul by knowing and feeling the noblest that man has thought, experienced and expressed. It is well to know what have been the problems of man in the successive stages of his development; what methods he has found in solving them, and what results have followed the solution. To lift a man out of his own narrow individuality into the sphere of reason; to cause him not only to recognize that he is born under laws, but also to give aid in appreciating the beneficence of law, and to make obedience to these laws easy and cooperation with them natural; to put him in possession of the accumulated treasures of the race; to help him to know what he is, where he is, what he should do, whence he came, whither he is going, what he may become; to train him to set just values on all treasures, to estimate movements, conditions, forces at their real value—these are some of the purposes the college tries to help the student in gaining.

To think truthfully, to choose in righteousness and wisdom, to appreciate beauty, to feel nobly, to increase the number and worth of one's relationships and to aid in adjusting one's self to these relationships, to give self-knowledge, self-control, self-development and self-enrichment, to foster social efficiency, to promote reverence for all goodness and for God, to give graciousness without weakness and strength without severity, to extend the boundaries of human knowledge, to make the thinker, the scholar, the gentleman, the great liver, the great doer and the great man—these are intimations of the large human relations which the college seeks to foster.

The Problem of the College

EDUCATION seeks to make character vigorous without making it harsh or boisterous, patient without indifference, conscientious without hypocrisy, efficient without ostentatiousness, symmetrical and impressive, noble and self-reliant, but sympathetic with the less worthy; rich in itself, but without selfishness. The problem of education is not to teach us how to make the bow of Ulysses—that bow is made without difficulty; but it is to rear men of strength, of self-restraint, who can bend the bow. The problem is not so much to teach men how to get rich, although that may be important, but how to use riches after they are got; how to save themselves from being crushed by the responsibilities of wealth, from being smothered by its soft pleasures or torn in pieces by its violence. The problem is not how to get great honor, place, eminence, but how to bear the responsibilities which much honor always brings. Education seeks to make the individual of resource, of the power of initiative, of honesty and honor, in whom the vision of truth is united with the power of doing one's duty, in whom tenderness of heart for the suffering is justly joined with capacity for moral indignation. It seeks to train leaders—intellectual, ethical, religious, civil. It unites to lift the whole level of human society to broader and clearer seeing and finer thinking and nobler opportunities.

The Unrepentant Groom

By HAMBLEN SEARS

ETHEL, I'm going out to practice Boston again."

"Dear child, you'll drive that poor horse crazy."

"I can't help it. He's got to learn."

"Why don't you get some one who can—er—some one to help you?"

"It is *my* teaching that is going to make Boston win."

"Or lose."

"Thanks for your encouragement, dear," and a vigorous little chin went up in the air as the young woman marched out of the house and mounted a half-bred hunter awaiting her.

A few minutes of country road and then she turned off into a bit of rolling country where the Naugatuck Club had made a rough turf track of a mile or more, interspersed with jumps, for training horses and for exercise riding. It was early, and she hoped to be alone.

At the first rail was a groom, hatless and in his shirt-sleeves, teaching a green hunter to jump. That was bad. Still, she made for the fence as if no one were near.

Boston refused. A smart blow, and she brought him back. At the second try he turned to the left so quickly that the girl slipped clean out of the saddle. As she fell the bottom of her skirt caught on the pommel, and there she hung helpless, still holding the reins, her head just clear of the ground and perilously near the horse's forefoot.

Once he reared, and then, before she quite realized what had happened, she was lifted back into the saddle.

"Dismount at once," said a sharp voice.

She put her hands on the groom's shoulders and was on the ground in an instant.

"What happened?" she gasped.

"That beast refused at the last moment."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the still dazed girl, putting up her shaking hands to rearrange her hair.

"Are you hurt?"

She looked up quickly and became herself again.

"Oh, no. Er—thank you very much, my good man."

There came a surprised look in the man's face, followed by an amused and quizzical smile. He started to say something and then drew back. She noticed nothing, however, as an idea had suddenly occurred to her.

"Whose man are you?"

"Mr. Winston's, miss," said he, after an instant's hesitation.

"He doesn't live here, does he?"

"No, miss," touching his hair with his forefinger in the approved fashion; "he's down for the Naugatuck Horse Show next week."

"What is your name?"

"William, miss."

"Well, William, can you keep a secret?"

"I can try, miss."

"Then listen. I've entered Boston in the saddle and jumping classes for the show, and I do so want him to win."

"Then he'd have to win, miss."

"But I can't make him jump."

"It's easy," said the groom eagerly.

"If you'll coach me and not tell a soul I'll—I'll make it worth your while."

"I'd like to try it."

"All right. It's a bargain, William. Begin."

"You don't feel ner—scared with that spill?"

"Not at all."

"Then, if you'll mount," and he took the little riding-boot in his palm and lifted her gently into the saddle.

"You've good nerve, miss. Don't let him think you haven't. Take the reins well back—so. Now, send him at it good, and when he takes off let up on the reins—push on his withers—so. And don't whip him."

"All right, William. You watch."

She came on, did as she was told, and Boston cleared by a foot. And then back rode the young woman, the groom watching with ill-concealed admiration her flushed and smiling face.

"Shall I go again?"

"One moment, miss, if you'll excuse me."

"Go right ahead, William. I'm in your hands and we've made a bargain."

"Sure, miss. Sit up straight, and when you come up to it don't lean forward so. Sit right up! He'll go easier."

She did as he ordered and came back after clearing three jumps easily. To her surprise she saw William take a lump of sugar out of his pocket and give it to the horse.

EXAMINING HER FACE WITH SOME CARE

"GOD HELPING ME, I WILL, MAY," SAID THE MAN SOLEMNLY AND TENDERLY

"Why, who'd have supposed you carried such things, William!"

"It's good business, miss. When a horse does well give him a sugar plum. He likes it like other people."

"And what do I get?"

"Praise, my lady."

"Is that all?"

"You're perfect—at it."

"William, I believe you're a flatterer," smiling.

"Any horse would jump with you up."

"I do believe old Boston is bewitched."

"Who wouldn't be?" muttered the groom.

"Now, what?" she asked expectantly.

"If you'll try the six jumps—each is a little higher than the other. Take it easy, miss." And he ran by her side, strangely anxious, strangely interested.

She cleared them all in high glee.

"Oh, William, that is splendid! I—I can't thank you enough." And then suddenly she drew from a little pocket a five-dollar bill and held it down to him.

The man stiffened quickly and drew back in amazement.

"Oh, yes, you must! This is our compact. You are to come to-morrow morning and give me another lesson. Take it! You must!"

"To-morrow?"

"Yes; won't you please come, William?" And, looking into the fair, pleading face, he took the money.

"What shall I do now?"

"I'd give him a bit of a rest. If you'll dismount——" And she put her two hands on his shoulders and was lifted down. There was a moment of silence.

"Has Mr. Winston good horses, William?"

"Pretty good, miss, most of 'em."

"Is he going to win, do you think?"

"There's one over there that will make good."

"He mustn't beat us, must he?"

"Sure not, miss."

"Have you been long with him?"

"Ever since he had any horses."

"I don't wonder he wins, then."

"Asking your pardon, miss, do you know Mr. Winston?"

"No. But I hear he's going to win everything."

And then he helped her to mount again and they put Boston a second time through his paces.

"Now, I must go," said she finally, "or some one will see me. You won't tell, will you?"

"Never," said William.

"Not even another groom?"

"No, miss."

"And will you—can you be here to-morrow morning at half-past seven?"

"Maybe I can."

"Then it's a bargain. You sha'n't lose by it." And off she went.

He stood where he was, watching her as she rode away in the morning sunlight—watching with all his eyes. Then, as she disappeared, he put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, pulled out a gold cigarette-case and selected a cigarette. Then he said aloud:

"She's beautiful! Perfectly beautiful! Perfectly *beautiful!*"

II

NEXT morning he was up at six, and, after a cup of coffee in his room, he rode hastily out to the Galloping Grounds and waited. Would she come? Half-past seven arrived, and he began to give up hope. Then he saw her coming over the rise of ground a little distance off, and his breath came quicker as he stood waiting for her.

"Good-morning, William. You're on hand to the minute. I'm so glad. Will Boston do as well to-day, do you think?"

"Better, miss," said he, touching his hair again. And they went at it, the girl intent on the success of her horse, the man intent on something else.

And so, morning after morning for a week, always cautioned to secrecy, he saw her leave, always with a smile he saw her come in the clear September air. And each day he returned to the club, dressed and went to town, coming down late in the evening.

On the last day, Thursday, she said:

"I'm so nervous. Suppose he should refuse?"

"If he does, don't hit him. Take it easy. Trot him 'round a bit and go at it fresh again."

"I don't know what I should have done without you, William!"

"I'm glad to do it, miss."

"I've tried to meet Mr. Winston and tell him quite secretly, but he won't come to dinner. He's in town all the time."

"I guess he's pretty busy."

"I don't see how he can expect to win if he doesn't pay any more attention to his horses than this."

"Well, he leaves it pretty much to me, you see."

"And he's wise," she nodded to him. "I don't believe he half appreciates you. If you ever want another place, William, you come to me."

"Maybe I'll come sooner than you think."

"I mean it. Remember that."

"I'll never forget, miss."

"And now to our business. This is the last day. To-morrow is the show, and I want you to take this." And she held out another bill.

The groom stepped back.

"You must, William; I——"

"I couldn't. I ought not to have taken the other."

"But why not?"

"It won't do, you see. I couldn't take money for coaching a—a horse to go against Mr. Winston, could I?" And he chuckled inwardly.

"Oh," said the girl quickly. "I didn't mean it that way. I——"

"I know, miss," said he, conscience-stricken.

"Well, I'll make it up to you afterward, never fear."

"I'm well paid now."

"You sha'n't suffer, William; count on me for that. I will tell Mr. Winston all about it when I meet him."

"I'm sure you would, miss."

"If he blames you in the least I'll plead for you—and he'll not lay it up against you, never fear."

"I wonder if you would plead for me," thought the groom as he saluted her when she finally rode away. He had a feeling somewhere in his insides that he had been playing a mean part, and yet who——

However, Friday morning found the ring at the top of the Galloping Grounds bright with color and smart gowns. This show ring, built in a small field surrounded by groves, was a pretty sight. All about the rail stood coaches, brakes and traps of all sorts set close together and filled with bright and laughing groups of men and women. Ethel Aspinwall and her husband had half a dozen people on their brake, and among them the girl, who was now so excited that she could scarcely keep quiet while she sat with her host on the box-seat watching the park teams circling the ring.

"Saddle-horses next, May," said Aspinwall, looking at his program.

"Don't speak of it!" cried the girl.

"Not rattled, eh?"

"Rattled! I'm so nervous I can't keep still!"

"Well, you've ridden the beast enough, Heaven knows."

"That isn't it."

"I'll ride Boston for you if you say so."

"Not for worlds!"

Then she saw William outside the ring and thought he did not look very trim for the groom of a famous horseman like Mr. Winston, but she longed so to have him advise her once more in his calm voice that she noticed little else. Then the time came for her to get down and mount Boston. And, after all, she was not half so nervous as she thought she would be as she waited for the bugle.

In that instant a voice behind her said:

"Keep cool. Sit tight. He'll go famously."

"Oh, William," she breathed, turning toward him and seeing him mounted on a big hunter.

"You can't miss a ribbon."

"Do you really think so?"

"I know it," and into the ring they went.

It was all over in no time, and then the tears stood in the girl's eyes as she leaned forward and patted old Boston to hide her face, while a groom pinned a bright red ribbon on the horse's bridle, and everybody clapped and cried "Bravo" as she rode once more around the ring.

It seemed only a moment when she was called for the jumping class.

In she went again. This time she must exhibit alone. The first jump looked to her nervous vision miles high, but she remembered her lesson and put Boston at it. Over he went, clean and clear. The second was brush. He cleared that, too. And so the third and fourth—all clear. Then the girl came to herself. The fifth was higher. Patting Boston gently, she sent him hard at it, and a roar of applause went up on all sides. Boston had gone over by a good foot. And then, turning into the middle of the ring, she made for the last and highest jump. But something—the clapping, perhaps—had excited the horse, and she remembered again her orders.

Instead of putting him at it she trotted him slowly around the ring and pulled up at the end for an instant. And there, close to the rail, she heard a familiar voice:

"Loose rein—straight seat—keep cool!"

It was the one thing needed. With a touch of her foot the good horse started forward on a long gallop and ran straight for the big jump. For an instant a sickening dread took her. Then she felt herself sailing through the air, and for some unknown reason turned her head to see if Boston had hit.

That movement lost her her seat. As the horse landed and the crowd started to shout its applause she pitched forward and rolled in a heap on the ground. There was a cry of horror, and then they saw a man run from the rail and pick her up as if she had been a child. He carried her tenderly to the Aspinwalls' brake, and the whole ring waited and asked questions and watched.

She opened her eyes and looked up into William's anxious face.

"Are you hurt?" he whispered in a tense voice.

"Why, I—I—no, no—it's all right."

"May—May, dear!" cried Mrs. Aspinwall.

"I'm all right," cried the girl, trying to rise. Then he lifted her, and she stood with her arm about Mrs. Aspinwall. "It's nothing," she added, laughing a little hysterically. "Did I clear?"

"Clear! I should say you did, and you got the 'blue,' too," cried Aspinwall, and then everybody laughed and talked a great deal. And in the midst of it she turned to thank William, when Ben Aspinwall said:

"Perhaps you'd like to meet your preserver."

"Oh, I know——"

"Mr. Winston, Miss Morgan."

The girl's figure stiffened suddenly, and she looked at him until his eyes fell. Then she drew in her breath so quickly that Mrs. Aspinwall put her arm around her again.

"May, dear, you're hurt! What is it?"

"No, no, Ethel, I'm perfectly sound; but I think I'll walk about a little. It's dreadful to attract so much attention." And she forced Mrs. Aspinwall out on the lawn.

"By George!" she heard some one say behind her. "Billy Winston didn't take long to cross that ring, did he?"

"No," said Aspinwall's voice. "He had her before she was fairly down."

"He's a wonder, that feller. Seemed as if he had known what was coming. Winston," he added, "you did yourself proud that time."

"Oh, no. I happened to be close by, that's all."

Then she turned and looked straight into his eyes.

"I thank you, Mr. Winston. I owe you a great deal," meaningly.

"I'm glad it wasn't serious, Miss Morgan."

"I understand you are always near by to help maidens in distress."

The man's face flushed suddenly.

"I should like to think that might be true."

"So far as I've seen it certainly is true." And she turned quietly from him, climbing, with Aspinwall's assistance, into the middle seat of the brake.

"Whew!" said Aspinwall. "What's the matter with poor Winston?"

"Nothing that I know of," said the young woman frigidly.

"You nearly snapped his head off."

"Did I?"

"Look! there goes Boston led away with his blue ribbon." And then the girl's eyes softened at once.

"Dear old Boston! It was my fault. But how can he get a ribbon if I fell?"

"Why, only the jumping qualities—form and so on—count. The rider isn't considered."

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed the girl. And then, as she saw Winston walking into the judges' stand, it suddenly occurred to her that she owed it all to him.

III

A FEW hours later Miss Morgan, ready for dinner, stood before her glass examining her face with some care. She looked almost angry. She was certainly piqued. She was also slightly uncertain as to the control she had over the features reflected in the mirror—those features which Nature had set there in a way that is dangerous to mankind. "It was outrageous," she murmured, still studying the fair face. "No real gentleman would—*could* have done it. I won't go down! I can't! I——" and she walked slowly and with much dignity out of her room, downstairs, and into the presence of Winston, who stood with his back to the fire in the hall.

She stopped at the foot of the stairs and started back. Then, thinking better of it, she moved across the hall toward him.

"Will you give me my five dollars?"

"I—they're not yours. They're mine."

"By what right?"

"You gave them to me."

"I did no such thing! I gave them to your groom."

"He gave them to me."

"*He* was a gentleman, at least."

"I know it—I'm proud of him."

"Are you proud of yourself?"

"Yes. Boston won."

"Boston has nothing to do with it."

"Boston did the whole thing!"

"Will you give me back that money?"

"I want to keep it."

"Do you want to humiliate me still further?"

"Miss Morgan!"

"Do you think I must have still further indignities heaped upon me because I presumed to take the great Mr. Winston for his own groom?"

"It didn't humiliate me to be taken for him."

"The more shame to you."

"Not at all! I never had a happier week."

"And I never an unhappier."

He looked at her closely for a moment.

"Is that really true?"

"Will you tell me how it could be otherwise?"

"And yet, if I had told you, you would never have come again."

"Knowing that, you continued?"

"Well, I mean—I——"

"Finding a girl compromising herself, you did not think her worth holding out a hand to save."

"That's not true. I——"

"It is. You allowed me to be seen meeting you, morning after morning, out in the country. You——"

"No one saw——"

"You threw me open to all sorts of gossip."

"Miss Morgan, I——"

"You took pleasure in humiliating me day after day."

"If you cry I'll go down on my knees here in the hall."

"I've no intention of crying!"

"Will you come and sit here, and let me tell you——"

"No, I will not!"

"Then, will you let William——"

"Oh!" cried the girl, putting her hands over her face.

"Listen," said he, coming close to her.

"I won't! I can't!"

"Miss Morgan, wait! *please!* Will you let William speak for himself?"

"Yes," said she, looking up quickly, tears of vexation glistening in her eyes. "Yes, I would hear William at any time."

"Then——"

"But he has gone."

"Listen, please! He did his best—this William—he taught you all he knew. He stood there and you came to him over the hills, a dream of the morning, and you spoke to him. He knew you would fade away if he said a word."

"He might have succeeded some time in finding this 'dream of the morning' somewhere on the earth."

"But William wasn't worth much."

"So I have learned."

"He just saw you and couldn't bear to break the spell. Did you ever dream a dream and then suddenly have the dream come true?"

"How idiotic!" said she impatiently.

"I suppose it is," and he turned and stirred the fire.

"Will you give me that five dollars, Mr. Winston?"

"It's mine. And, besides, I haven't it here."

"Aren't you gentleman enough to get it? Where is it?"

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes; and if you haven't enough chivalry to go and get it I will go."

"It is in my dressing-case on my bureau at the club."

"Any five-dollar bill will do," said the girl in a different tone.

"I want to keep it."

"Then wait here." And she picked up the front of her white skirt and ran lightly up to her room. In an instant she returned. "Then you will take this." And she held out the blue ribbon for the jumping class.

"Not for worlds!" cried the astonished man, stepping back.

"Hallo, people—hungry?" And Aspinwall came in from the dining-room. "Ah, the vain creature!" he added. "She's carrying her blue ribbon around with her."

"Miss Morgan was good enough to bring it down to show me," said Winston. And then the Braveurs and Winthrops arrived and they went in to dinner.

"What I want to know," said Winthrop presently—"what I want to know is how Miss Morgan got that horse into such training?"

"I can tell you," said Ethel. "She's been hard at it every morning since she came here."

"Where?"

"She's ridden over to the Galloping Grounds every day and spent the whole morning there."

"Must have been some attraction besides a horse," suggested Braveur. And Winston turned quickly to his soup, while a certain young woman could have cried as she thought that she was actually blushing. Then suddenly:

"There *was* some other attraction."

"What!" cried everybody.

"Who?" asked Braveur.

"A groom," said the girl, smiling.

"May, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Braveur.

"I'll tell you the idyl, shall I?"

"By all means, though it seems to smell a little of the stable."

"Well, this is a Horse-Show dinner, isn't it?" asked Braveur.

"Listen, good people." There came a bright spark in the girl's eye. "I rode out one morning in despair——"

"Does it ride easily?"

"Dry up, Winthrop. Listen to the Tale of Grooms."

"Boston was hopeless. Ethel said I was going to lose——"

"But you didn't, after all," interpolated Mrs. Aspinwall.

"I turned into the Galloping Grounds and came upon a groom——"

"Good-looking?" asked Braveur.

She hesitated a moment and appeared to think.

"Not very. Rather common looking, as I remember him."

Winston straightened his tie.

"Poor man," said Winthrop.

"And I put Boston at a low rail. He refused, and I fell off and hung by my skirt."

"May! how dreadful!"

"The groom seemed to be expecting it, for he had me back in the saddle before I knew what had happened."

"Winston, you and the groom are in the same class on rescues."

Winston did not answer. He could not take his eyes off the girl, as with heightened color she went on:

"Then he told me why I lost my seat, and how to sit better, and how to send Boston up to the fence, and—everything."

"Good for the groom!"

"And every morning, for a week and more, he gave me my lesson. I didn't say anything about it till the show was over, but now I don't care. He did his work well, and I paid him," with a marked emphasis on the "paid."

"THE IDIOT WENT AND BOUGHT THIS"

"I didn't know there was a groom around here that knew enough for that," mused Braveur.

"This man was unusual."

"I should say so. I'd like to get hold of a feller like that. Whose man was he?"

"He said he worked for Mr. Winston," and Miss Morgan looked down at her plate.

"What'll you take for him, Winston?" asked Braveur.

"Couldn't let him go," laughed Winston. "He's been with me too long. Knows my ways, you see."

A fair young personage sniffed audibly.

"May, I'm a little scandalized at your meeting a groom every day," said Ethel deprecatingly. "But I suppose the groom isn't so bad as——"

"His master?" asked Aspinwall.

Winston laughed lightly, but kept his eyes on her face, and, seeing an expression of pain there, he changed the subject.

After dinner, walking over the lawns to the club for the Horse-Show dance, he managed, in spite of her, to walk by her side.

"Miss Morgan."

"Mr. Winston?"

"I apologize."

"It's very easy to say those two words."

"And yet you'll forgive me."

"Oh, you think so?" looking up at him.

"Yes."

"Will you let me ask why?"

"Will you let me answer in your own words?"

"Certainly."

"'You sha'n't suffer, William——'"

"But that——"

"'Count on me——'"

"It isn't fair to——"

"'If he blames you in the least I'll plead for you.'"

The girl's eyes were on the ground and her face had changed again.

"Even so," said she suddenly. "It was only if you blamed—er——"

(*Continued on Page 21*)

The Young Antiquarians

HE DID NOT GET ON VERY WELL, BUT KEPT ON WRITING MOR7E Nt or MORD6M HOVCE

A Story of the Wouldbegoods

By E. NESBIT

THIS really happened before Christmas, but I must tell you about it because it leads on to the story of what became of Mr. Parrot we got from the Chinaman, and you would not understand that unless you understood this first.

It was one Sunday—the Somethingth Sunday in Advent, I think—and Denny and Daisy and their Father and Albert's Uncle came to dinner, which is in the middle of the day on that day of rest, and the same things to eat for grown-ups and us. It is nearly always roast beef and Yorkshire—but the puddings and vegetables are brightly variegated and never the same two Sundays running.

At dinner some one said something about the coat-of-arms that is on the silver tankards, which once, when we were poor but honest, used to stay at the shops, having the dents slowly taken out of them for months and months. But now they are always at home and are put at the four corners of the table every day, and any one who likes can drink out of them.

After some talk of the sort you won't listen to, in which bends and lioncels and gules and things played a promising part, Albert's Uncle said that Mr. Turnbull had told him something about that coat-of-arms being carved on a bridge somewhere in Cambridgeshire, and again the conversation wandered into things like Albert's Uncle had talked about to the Maidstone Antiquarian Society the day they came over to see his old house in the country and we arranged the time-honored Roman remains for them to dig up. So, hearing the words king-post and mullion and moulding and underpin, Oswald said might we go—and we went—and took our dessert with us, and had it in our own common room, where you can roast chestnuts with a free heart and never mind what your fingers get like.

When first we knew Daisy we used to call her the White Mouse, and her brother had all the appearance of being one, too, but you know how untruthful appearances are; or else it was that we taught him happier things, for he certainly turned out quite different in the end; and she was not a bad sort of kid, though we never could quite cure her of wanting to be "ladylike." That is the beastliest word there is, I think, and Albert's Uncle says so, too. He says if a girl can't be a lady it's not worth while to be only like one—she'd better let it alone, and be a free and happy bounder.

But all this is not what I was going to say, only the author does think of so many things besides the story, and sometimes he puts them in. This is the case with Thackeray and the Religious Tract Society and other authors, as well as Mrs. Humphry Ward. Only I don't suppose you have ever heard of her, though she writes books that some people like very much. But perhaps they are her friends. I did not like the one I read about the baronet. It was on a wet Sunday at the seaside, and nothing else in the house but Bradshaw, or I shouldn't have. But what really happened to us before Christmas is strictly the following narrative.

"I say," remarked Denny, when he had burned his fingers with a chestnut that turned out a bad one after all, and such is life, and he had finished sucking his fingers and getting rid of the chestnut.

"About these Antiquaries?"

"Well—what about them?" said Oswald. He always tries to be gentle and kind to Denny, because he knows he helped to make a man of the young mouse.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories, each independent in itself, about the Bastable Wouldbegoods.

"I shouldn't think," said Denny, "that it was so very difficult to *be* one——"

"I don't know," said Dicky. "You have to read very dull books and an awful lot of them, and remember what you read, what's more."

"I don't think so," said Alice; "that girl who came with the Antiquities—the one Albert's Uncle said was upholstered in red plush like furniture—*she* hadn't read anything, you bet."

Dora said you ought not to bet, especially on Sunday. So Alice altered it to "you may be sure."

"Well, but what then?" Oswald asked Denny. "Out with it." For he saw that his youthful friend had got an idea and couldn't get it out. You should always listen patiently to the ideas of others, no matter how silly you expect them to be. "I do wish you wouldn't hurry me so," said Denny, snapping his fingers anxiously. And we tried to be patient.

"Why shouldn't we *be* them?" Denny said at last.

"He means Antiquaries," said Oswald to the bewildered others. "But there's nowhere to go and nothing to do when we get there."

The Dentist (so called for short, his real name being Denis) got red and white and white and red, and drew Oswald aside to the window for a secret discussion. Oswald listened as well as he could, but Denny always buzzes so when he whispers.

"Right, oh," he remarked when the confidings of the Dentist had got so that you could understand what he was driving at.

Then he turned to the polite and attentive others and said:

"You remember that day we went to Bexley Heath with Albert's Uncle? Well, there was a house, and Albert's Uncle said a clever writer lived there, and in more ancient years that chap in history, Sir Thomas What's-his-name, and Denny thinks he might let us be Antiquaries there. It looks a ripping place from the railway."

It really does—it's a fine big house and splendid gardens and a lawn with a sun-dial and the tallest trees anywhere about here.

"But what could we *do?*" said Dicky. "I don't suppose *he'd* give *us* tea;" though such, indeed, had been our hospitable conduct to the Antiquaries who came to see Albert's Uncle.

"Oh, I don't know," said Alice; "we might dress up for it, and wear spectacles, and we could all read papers. It would be lovely—something to fill up the Christmas holidays—the part before the wedding, I mean. Do let's."

"All right; I don't mind. I suppose it would be improving," said Dora. "We should have to read a lot of history. You can settle it. I'm going to show Daisy our bridesmaids' dresses."

It was, alas, too true—Albert's Uncle was to be married but shortly after, and it was partly our faults, though that does not come into this story.

So the two D's went to look at the clothes—girls like this—but Alice, who wishes she had never consented to be born a girl, stayed with us, and we had a long and earnest council about it.

"One thing," said Oswald; "it can't possibly be wrong—so perhaps it might not be amusing."

"Oh, Oswald!" said Alice, and she spoke rather like Dora.

"I don't mean what you mean," said Oswald in lofty scorn; "what I mean to say is that when a thing is quite sure to be right it's not so—well, I mean to say there it is, don't you know; and if it might be wrong and isn't it's a score to you, and if it might be wrong and is, as so often happens—well, you know yourself, adventures sometimes turn out wrong that you didn't think were going to, but seldom or never the uninteresting kind and——"

Dicky told Oswald to dry up—which, of course, no one stands from a younger brother; but though Oswald explained this at the time he felt in his heart that he has sometimes said what he meant with more clearness. When Oswald and Dicky had finished we went on and arranged everything.

Every one was to write a paper—and read it.

"If the papers are too long to read while we're there," said Noël, "we can read them in the long winter evenings when we are grouped about the household hearthrug. I shall do my paper in poetry—about Agincourt."

Some of us thought Agincourt wasn't fair, because no one could be sure about any knight who took part in that well-known conflict having lived in the Red House; but Alice got us to agree, because, as she said, it would be precious dull if we all wrote about nothing but Sir Thomas What-do-you-call-him—whose real name in history Oswald said he would find out and then write his paper on that world-renowned person, who is a household word in all families. Denny said he would like to write about Charles the First.

THEN OSWALD BEGAN TO READ HIS PAPER

"I shall write about what happened in 1066," said H. O. "I know that."

Alice said, "If I write a paper it will be about Mary, Queen of Scots."

Dora and Daisy came in just as she said this, and it transpired that this ill-fated but good-looking lady was the only one they either of them wanted to write about. So Alice gave it up to them and settled to do Magna Charta, and they could settle something between themselves for the one who would have to give up Mary, Queen of Scots in the end. We all agreed that the story of that lamented wearer of pearls and black velvet would not make enough for two papers.

Everything was beautifully arranged when suddenly H. O. said:

"Supposing he doesn't let us?"

"Who doesn't let us what?"

"The Red House man. Read papers at his Red House——"

This was, indeed, what nobody had thought of—and even now we did not think any one could be so lost to proper hospitableness as to say no. Yet none of us liked to write and ask. So we tossed up for it, only Dora had feelings about tossing up on Sunday, so we did it with a hymn-book instead of a penny.

We all won except Noël, who lost, so he said he would do it on Albert's Uncle's typewriter, which was on a visit to us at the time, waiting for the man to fetch it away to mend the M. We think it was broken through Albert's Uncle's writing Margaret so often, because it is the name of the lady he was doomed to be married by.

The girls had got the letter The Maidstone Antiquarian Society and Field Club's secretary had sent to Albert's Uncle—H. O. said they kept it for a momentum of the day—and we altered the dates and names in blue chalk and put in a piece about might we skate on the moat and gave it to Noël, who had already begun to make up his poetry about Agincourt and so had to be shaken before he would attend. And that evening, when Father and our Indian Uncle and Albert's Uncle were seeing the others on the way to Forest Hill, Noël's poetry and pencil were taken away from him and he was shut up in Father's room with the typewriter, which we had never been forbidden to touch. And I don't think he hurt it much, except quite at the beginning, when he jammed the S on the J and the thing that means per cent, so that they stuck—and Dicky soon put that right with a screwdriver.

He did not get on very well, but kept on writing MOR7E Nt or MORD6M HOVCE on new pieces of paper and then beginning again till the floor was strewn with his remains, so we left him at it and went and played Celebrated Painters, a game even Dora cannot say anything about on Sunday, considering the Bible kind of pictures most of them painted. And, much later, the library door having banged once and the front door twice, Noël came in and said he had posted it, and we saw that already he was deep in poetry again, and had to be roused when requisite for bed.

It was not till next day that he owned that the typewriter had been a fiend in disguise, and that the letter had come out so bad that he could hardly read it himself.

"The hateful engine of destruction wouldn't answer to the bit in the least," he said, "and so I used nearly a newspaper basket of Father's best paper—and thought he might come in and say something, so I just finished it as well as I could, and I corrected it with the blue chalk because Oswald bagged

that BB of mine—and I didn't notice what name I'd signed till after I'd licked the stamp '

The hearts of his kind brothers and sisters sank low. But they kept them up as well as they could, and said.

"What name did you sign?"

And Noel said, "Why, Turnbull of course—like at the end of the real letter. You never crossed it out like you did his address "

"No," said Oswald witheringly. "You see I *did* think—whatever else you didn't know—I *did* think you knew your own silly name "

Then Alice said Oswald was unkind, though you see he was not, and she kissed Noel and said she and he would take turns to watch for the postman, so as to get the answer, which of course, would be subscribed on the envelope like the name of Turnbull, instead of Bastable, before the servant could tell the postman that the name was a stranger to her

And next evening it came, and it was very polite and grown-up, and said we should be welcome, and that we might read our own papers and skate on the moat. The Red House has a moat, like the Moat House in the country, but not so wild and dangerous. Only we never skated on it, because the frost gave out the minute we had got leave to Such is life, as the sparks fly upward. (The last above is called a moral reflection.)

So now, having got leave from Mr. Red House (I won't give his name, because he is a writer of worldly fame and he might not like it), we set about writing our papers. It was not bad fun: only rather difficult, because Dora said she never knew which Encyclo. volume she might be wanting, as she was using Edinburgh, Mary, Scotland, Bothwell, Holyrood and France, and many others, and Oswald never knew which he might want, owing to his not being able exactly to remember the distinguished and deathless other appellation of Sir Thomas Thingummy, who had lived in the Red House

Noël was up to the ears in Agincourt, yet he had made but little difference to our destiny, because he is always plunged in poetry of one sort or another, and if it hadn't been that it would have been something else. This, at least, we insisted on having kept a secret, so he could not read it to us.

H. O. got very inky the first half holiday, and then he got some sealing-wax and a big envelope from Father, and put something in and fastened it up, and said he had done his.

Dicky would not tell us what his paper was going to be about, but he said it would not be like ours, and he let H. O. help him with everything, while he invented patent screws for ships

The spectacles were difficult. We got three pairs of the Uncle's, and one that had belonged to the housekeeper's grandfather, but nine pairs were needed, because Albert came in one half-holiday and wanted to join, and said if we'd let him he'd write a paper on the Constitutions of Clarendon, and we thought he couldn't do it, so we let him. And then, after all, he did

So at last Alice went down to Bennett's in the village that we are such good customers of, because when our watches stop we take them there, and he lent us a lot of empty frames on the instinctive understanding that we should pay for them if we broke them or let them get rusty

And so all was ready, and the fatal day approached. And it was the holidays—for us, that is, but not for Father, for his business never seems to rest by day or night except at Christmas and times like that So we did not need to ask him if we might go. Oswald thought it would be more amusing if we told it all to him in the form of an entertaining anecdote afterward. Denny and Daisy and Albert came to spend the day.

We told Mrs. Blake Mr Red House had asked us, and she let the girls put on their second-best things, which are coats with capes and red Tam o'Shanters. These capacious coats are very good for playing highwaymen in

We made ourselves quite clean and tidy At the very last we found that H. O. had been making marks on his face with burnt matches, to imitate wrinkles, but really it only imitated dirt, so we made him wash it off. Then he wanted to paint himself red like a clown, but we had decided that the spectacles were to be our only disguise, and even those were not to be put on till Oswald gave the word

No casuist observer could have thought that the nine apparently light-headed and careless parties who now wended their way to Blackheath Station, looking as if they were not up to anything in particular, were really an Antiquarian Society of the deepest dye. We got an empty carriage to ourselves, and half-way between Blackheath and the other station Oswald gave the word and we all put on the spectacles. We had our Antiquarian papers of live and researched history in exercise books rolled up and tied with string

The station master and porter, of each of which the station boasted but one specimen, looked respectfully at us as we got out of the train, and we went straight out of the station, under the railway arch, and down to the green gate of the Red House It has a lodge, but there is no one in it. We peeped in at the window, and there was nothing in the room but an old bee hive and a broken leather strap

Oswald said, "Let's go to the sundial. It looked drier there; my feet are like ice-houses

It was drier, because there was a soaking-wet green lawn round it, and round that a sloping path made of little squares of red and white marble. This was quite waterless, and the sun shone on it, so that it was warm to the hands, though not to the feet, because of boots. Oswald called on Albert to read first. Albert is not a clever boy. He is not one of us and Oswald wanted to get over the Constitutions, for Albert is hardly ever amusing, even in fun, and when he tries to show off it is sometimes hard to bear. He read

THE CONSTITUTIONS OF CLARENDON

Clarendon (sometimes called Clarence) had only one constitution. It must have been a very bad one. Because he was killed by a butt of Malmsey. If he had had more constitutions or better ones he would have lived to be very old. This is a warning to everybody

WE PEEPED IN AT THE WINDOW, AND THERE WAS NOTHING IN THE ROOM BUT AN OLD BEE HIVE AND A BROKEN LEATHER STRAP

To this day none of us know how he could and whether his Uncle helped him

We clapped, of course, but not with our hearts, which were hissing inside us, and then Oswald began to read his paper

He was just reading the part about the sun dial, which he had noticed from the train when we went to Bexley Heath. It was rather a nice piece, I think.

Most likely this sun-dial told the time when Charles the First was beheaded, and recorded the death-devouring progress of the Great Plague and the Fire of London. There is no doubt that the sun often shone even in these devastating occasions, so we may picture Sir Thomas Blank telling the time here and remarking ——

"Oh, Crikey!"

These last words were what Oswald himself remarked. Of course, a person in history would never have said them.

The reader of the paper had suddenly heard a fierce sound, like giant single-sticks, terrifyingly close behind him, and looking round he saw a most angry lady in a bright blue dress with fur on it, like a picture, and very large wooden shoes, which had made the single-stick noise. Her eyes were very fierce and her mouth tight shut. She did not look hideous, but more like an avenging sprite or angel, though, of course, we knew she was only mortal, so we took off our caps. A gentleman also bounded toward us over some vegetables and acted as reserve support to the lady

Her voice, when she told us we were trespassing and it was a private garden, was not so furious as Oswald had expected from her face, but it *was* angry. H. O. at once said it wasn't her garden, was it? But of course we could see it *was*, because of her not having any hat or jacket or gloves, and wearing those wooden shoes to keep her feet dry, which no one would do in the street

So then Oswald said we had leave, and showed her Mr. Red House's letter

"But that was written to Mr. Turnbull," said she; 'and how did *you* get it?"

Mr. Red House begged us to explain, so Oswald did, in that clear, straightforward way some people think he has and that no one can suspect for an instant. And he ended by saying how far from comfortable it would be to have Mr. Turnbull coming with his thin mouth and his tight legs, and that we were Bastables, and much nicer than the tight-legged one, whatever she might think.

And she listened, and then she quite suddenly gave a most jolly grin and asked us to go on reading our papers

It was plain that all disagreeableness was at an end, and to show this even to the stupidest she instantly asked us to luncheon. Before we could politely accept H O shoved his oar in, as usual, and said *he* would stop, no matter how little there was for luncheon, because he liked her very much.

So she laughed, and Mr. Red House laughed, and she said they wouldn't interfere with the papers, and they went away and left us

Of course, Oswald and Dicky insisted on going on with the papers, though the girls wanted to talk about Mrs. Red House, and how nice she was, and the way her dress was made. Oswald finished his paper, but later he was sorry he had been in such a hurry, because after a bit Mrs. Red House came out and said she wanted to play, too. She pretended to be a very ancient Antiquary and was most jolly, so that the others read their papers to her, and Oswald knows she would have liked his paper best, because it *was* the best, though I say it

Mrs. Red House took us into the summer-house, where it was warmer, and such is the wonderful architecture of the Red House gardens that there was a fresh summer house for each paper, except Noël's and H O.'s, which were read in the stable. There were no horses there

H. O.'s was last, but when we let him read it he wouldn't; so Dora opened his envelope, and it was thick inside with blotting-paper, and in the middle there was a page with

1066 William the Conqueror

and nothing else.

"Well," he said, "I said I'd write all I knew about 1066 and that's it. I can't write more than I know, can I?" The girls said he couldn't.

"It wasn't worth blacking your face all over just for that," he said. But Mrs. Red House laughed very much and said it was a lovely paper and *told her* all she wanted to know about 1066

Then we went into the garden again and ran races, and Mrs. Red House held all our spectacles for us and cheered us on. She said she was the Patent Automatic Cheering Winning Post. We do like her

Lunch was the glorious end of the Morden House Antiquarian Society and Field Club's Field Day. But after lunch was the beginning of a real adventure such as real Antiquaries hardly ever get. This will be unrolled later. I will finish with some French out of a newspaper. Albert's Uncle told it me, so I know it is right. Any of your own grown-ups will tell you what it means

Au prochain numéro je vous promets des émotions.

OLD GORGON GRAHAM

By the Author of Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

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IV—From John Graham, at the Hotel Cecil, London, to his son, Pierrepont, at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago. The old man has just finished going through the young man's first report as manager of the lard department, and he finds it suspiciously good

LONDON, December 1, 189—.

Dear Pierrepont: Your first report looks so good that I'm a little afraid of it. Figures don't lie, I know, but that's only because they can't talk. As a matter of fact, they're just as truthful as the man who's behind them.

It's been my experience that there are two kinds of figures—educated and uneducated ones—and that the first are a good deal like the people who have had the advantage of a college education on the side and the disadvantage of a society finish on the outside—they're apt to tell you only the smooth and the pleasant things. Of course, it's mighty nice to be told that the polish of your shirt front and the X-rays from your studs are blinding the floor manager's best girl; but if there's a hole in the seat of your pants you ought to know that, too, because sooner or later you've got to turn your back to the audience.

Now, don't go off half-cocked and think I'm allowing that you ain't truthful; because I think you are—reasonably so—and I'm sure that everything you say in your report is true. But is there anything you don't say in it?

A good many men are truthful on the installment plan—that is, they tell their boss all the good things in sight about their end of the business and then dribble out the bad ones like a fellow who's giving you a list of his debts. They'll yell for a week that the business of their department has increased ten per cent. and then own up in a whisper that their selling cost has increased twenty. In the end that always creates a worse impression than if both sides of the story had been told at once or the bad had been told first. It's like buying a barrel of apples that's been deaconed—after you've found that the deeper you go the meaner and wormier the fruit, you forget all about the layer of big, rosy, wax-finished pippins which was on top.

I never worry about the side of a proposition that I can see: what I want to get a look at is the side that's out of sight. The bugs always snuggle down on the under side of the stone.

The best year we ever had—in our minds—was one when the superintendent of the packing-house wanted an increase in his salary, and, to make a big showing, swelled up his inventory like a poisoned pup. It took us three months to wake up to what had happened and a year to get over feeling as if there was sand in our eyes when we compared the second showing with the first. An optimist is as bad as a drunkard when he comes to figure up results in business—he sees double. I employ optimists to get results and pessimists to figure them up.

After I've charged off in my inventory for wear and tear and depreciation I deduct a little more just for luck—bad luck. That's the only sort of luck a merchant can afford to make a part of his calculations

The fellow who said you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear wasn't on to the packing business. You can make the purse and you can fill it, too, from the same critter. What you can't do is to load up a report with moonshine or an inventory with wind and get anything more substantial than a moonlight sail toward bankruptcy. The kittens of a wildcat are wildcats and there's no use counting on their being angoras.

Speaking of educated pigs naturally calls to mind Jake Solzenheimer and the lard that he sold half a cent a pound cheaper than any one else in the business could make it That was a long time ago, when the packing business was still on the bottle, and when the hogs that came to Chicago got only a common-school education and graduated as plain hams and sides and lard and sausage. Literature hadn't hit the hog business then. It was just Graham's hams or Smith's lard, and there were no poetical brands or high-art labels.

Well, sir, one day I heard that this Jake was offering lard to the trade at half a cent under the market and that he'd had the nerve to label it "Driven Snow Leaf." Told me, when I ran up against him on the street, that he'd got the name from a song which began, "Once I was pure as the driven snow." Said it made him feel all choky and as if he wanted to be a better man, so he'd set out to make the song famous in the hope of its helping others. Allowed that this was a hard world and that it was little enough we could do in our business life to scatter sunshine along the way; but he proposed that every can which left his packing-house after this should carry the call to a better life into some humble home.

I let him lug that sort of stuff to the trough till he got tired, and then I looked him square in the eye and went right at him with:

"Jake, what you been putting in that lard?" because I knew mighty well that there was something in it which had never walked on four feet and fattened up on sixty-cent corn and then paid railroad fare from the Missouri River to Chicago. There are a good many things I don't know, but hogs ain't one of them.

Jake just grinned at me and swore that there was nothing in his lard except the pure juice of the hog; so I quit fooling with him and took a can of "Driven Snow" around to a chemist. It looked like lard and smelt like lard—in fact it looked better than real lard: too white and crinkly and tempting on top; but the next day the chemist dropped by my office and told me that "Driven Snow" must have been driven through a candle factory, because it had picked up about twenty per cent. of paraffin wax somewhere.

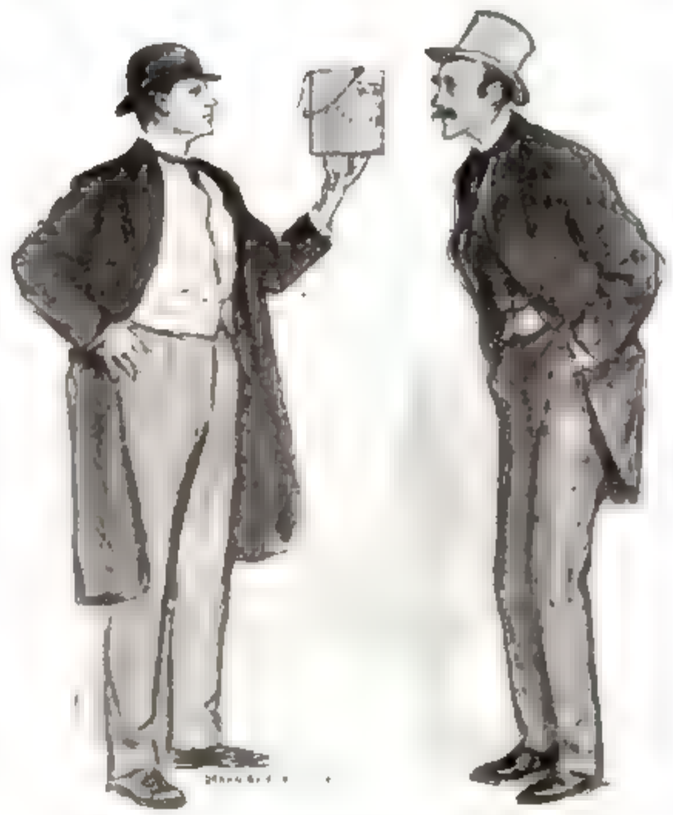
Of course, I saw now why Jake was able to undersell us all, but it was mighty important to knock out "Driven Snow" with the trade in just the right way, because most of our best customers had loaded up with it. So I got the exact formula from the chemist and had about a hundred sample cans made up, labeling each one "Wandering Boy Leaf Lard," and printing on the labels: "This lard contains twenty per cent. of paraffin."

I sent most of these cans, with letters of instruction, to our men through the country. Then I waited until it was Jake's time to be at the Live Stock Exchange, and happened in with a can of "Wandering Boy" under my arm. It didn't take me long to get into conversation with Jake, and as we talked I swung that can around until it attracted his attention, and he up and asked

"What you got there, Graham?"

"Oh, that," I answered, slipping the can behind my back—"that's a new lard we're putting out—something not quite so expensive as our regular brand."

Jake stopped grinning then and gave me a mighty sharp look



"THAT'S IT—GOOD LARD GONE WRONG"

"Lemme have a look at it," says he, trying not to show too keen an interest in his face.

I held back a little; then I said: "Well, I don't just know as I ought to show you this. We haven't regularly put it on the market and this can ain't a fair sample of what we can do; but so long as I sort of got the idea from you I might as well tell you. I'd been thinking over what you said about that lard of yours, and while they were taking a collection in church the other day the soprano up and sings a mighty touching song. It began, 'Where is my wandering boy tonight?' and by the time she was through I was feeling so mushy and sobby that I put a five instead of a one into the plate by mistake. I've been thinking ever since that the attention of the country ought to be called to that song, and so I've got up this missionary lard;" and I shoved the can of "Wandering Boy" under his eyes, giving him time to read the whole label.

"H——l!" he said.

"Yes," I answered; "that's it. Good lard gone wrong, but it's going to do a great work."

Jake's face looked like the Lost Tribes—the whole bunch of 'em—as the thing soaked in; and then he ran his arm through mine and drew me off into a corner.

"Graham," said he, "let's drop this cussed foolishness. You keep dark about this and we'll divide the lard trade of the country."

I pretended not to understand what he was driving at, but reached out and grasped his hand and wrung it. "Yes, yes, Jake," I said; "we'll stand shoulder to shoulder and make the lard business one grand sweet song," and then I choked him off by calling another fellow into the conversation. It hardly seemed worth while to waste time telling Jake what he was going to find out when he got back to his office—that there wasn't any lard business to divide, because I had hogged it all.

You see, my salesmen had taken their samples of "Wandering Boy" around to the buyers and explained that it was made from the same formula as "Driven Snow," and could be bought at the same price. They didn't sell any "Boy," of course—that wasn't the idea; but they loaded up the trade with our regular brand, to take the place of the "Driven Snow," which was shipped back to Jake by the car-lot.

Since then, when anything looks too snowy and smooth and good at the first glance I generally analyze it for paraffin. I've found that this is a mighty big world for a square man and a mighty small world for a crooked one.

I simply mention these things in a general way. I've confidence that you're going to make good as head of the lard department, and if, when I get home, I find that your work analyzes seventy-five per cent. as pure as your report I shall be satisfied. In the mean while I shall instruct the cashier to let you draw a hundred a week, just to show that I haven't got a case of faith without works. I reckon the extra twenty-five per will come in mighty handy now that you're within a month of marrying Helen.

I'm still learning how to treat an old wife, and so I can't give you many pointers about a young one. For while I've been married as long as I've been in business, and while I know all the curves of the great American hog, your Ma's likely to spring a new one on me to-morrow. No man really

ALLOWED THAT THERE WAS JUST ONE PART OF THE HEREAFTER WHERE HOT MEALS WERE COOKED ON SUNDAY

knows anything about women except a widower, and he forgets it when he gets ready to marry again. And no woman really knows anything about men except a widow, and she's got to forget it before she's willing to marry again. The one thing you can know is that, as a general proposition, a woman is a little better than the man for whom she cares. For when a woman's bad there's always a man at the bottom of it; and when a man's good there's always a woman at the bottom of that, too.

The fact of the matter is that, while marriages may be made in Heaven, a lot of them are lived in hell and end in South Dakota. But when a man has picked out a good woman he holds four hearts, and he needn't be afraid to draw cards if he's got good nerve. If he hasn't, he's got no business to be sitting in games of chance. The best woman in the world will begin trying out a man before she's been married to him twenty-four hours; and unless he can smile over the top of a four-flush and raise the ante, she's going to rake in the breeches and keep them.

The great thing is to begin right. Marriage is a close corporation, and unless a fellow gets the controlling interest at the start he can't pick it up later. The partner who owns fifty-one per cent. of the stock in any business is the boss, even if the other one is allowed to call himself president. There's only two jobs for a man in his own house—one's boss and the other's office-boy, and a fellow naturally falls into the one he's fitted for.

Of course when I speak of a fellow's being boss in his own home, I simply mean that, in a broad way, he's going to shape the policy of the concern. When a man goes sticking his nose into the running of the house he's apt to get it tweaked, and while he's busy drawing *it* back out of danger he's going to get his leg pulled, too. You let your wife tend to the housekeeping and you focus on earning money with which she can keep house. Of course, in one way, it's mighty nice of a man to help around the place, but it's been my experience that the fellows who tend to all the small jobs at home never get anything else to tend to at the office. In the end, it's usually cheaper to give all your attention to your business and to hire a plumber.

You don't want to get it into your head, though, that because your wife hasn't any office hours she has a soft thing. A lot of men go around sticking out their chests and wondering why their wives have so much trouble with the help, when they are able to handle their clerks so easy. If you really want to know, you lift two of your men out of their revolving chairs, and hang one over a forty-horse-power cook stove that's booming along under forced draft so that your dinner won't be late, with a turkey that's gobbling for basting in one oven, and a cake that's gone back on you in a low, underhand way in another, and sixteen different things boiling over on top and mixing up their smells. And you set the other at a twelve-hour stunt of making all the beds you've mussed, and washing all the dishes you've used, and cleaning all the dust you've kicked up, and you boss the whole while the baby yells with colic over one arm—you just try this with two of your men and see how long it is before there's rough-house on the Wabash. Yet a lot of fellows come home after their wives have had a day of this and blow around about how tired and overworked they are, and wonder why home isn't happier. Don't you ever forget that it's a blamed sight easier to keep cool in front of an electric fan than a cook stove, and that you can't subject the best temper in the world to 500 degrees Fahrenheit without warming it up a bit. And don't you add to your wife's troubles by saying how much better you could do it, but stand pat and thank the Lord you've got a snap.

I remember when old Doc Hoover, just after his wife died, bought a mighty competent nigger, Aunt Tempy, to cook and look after the house for him. She was the boss cook, you bet, and she could fry a chicken into a bird of paradise just as easy as the Doc could sizzle a sinner into a pretty tolerable Christian.

The old man took his religion with the bristles on and he wouldn't stand for any Sunday work in his house. Told Tempy to cook for two days on Saturday and to serve three cold meals on Sunday.

Tempy sniffed a little, but she'd been raised well and didn't talk back. That first Sunday Doc got his cold breakfast all right, but before he'd fairly laid into it, Tempy trotted out a cup of hot coffee. That made the old man rage at first, but finally he allowed that, seeing it was made, there was no special harm in taking a sup or two, but not to let it occur again. A few minutes later he called back to Tempy in the kitchen and asked her if she'd been sinful enough to make two cups.

Doc's dinner was ready for him when he got back from church and it was real food—that is to say, hot food, a-sizzling and a-smoking from the stove. Tempy told around afterward that the way the old man went for her about it made her feel mighty proud and set-up over her new master. But she just stood there dripping perspiration and good nature until the Doc had wound up by allowing that there was only one part of the hereafter where meals were cooked on Sunday, and that she'd surely get a mention on the bill-of-fare there as dark meat, well done, if she didn't repent, and then she blurted out:

"Law, chile, you go 'long and 'tend to yo' preachin', and I'll 'tend to my cookin'; yo' can't fight the debbil with snowballs." And what's more, the Doc didn't, not while Aunt Tempy was living.

There isn't any moral to this, but there's a hint in it to mind your own business at home as well as at the office. I sail to-morrow. I'm feeling in mighty good spirits, and I hope I'm not going to find anything at your end of the line to give me a relapse

Your affectionate father,

JOHN GRAHAM.

A Foregone Conclusion

ONE day while Senator Pettus was strolling around the plantation of a friend in Alabama, he chanced upon one of the field hands engaged in a violent altercation with his wife. "Come, come!" exclaimed he, "this won't do—this quarrel must cease right away! Tell me the cause of your dispute; I may be able to settle it for you."

The dusky husband, awkwardly doffing his cap to the Senator, replied:

"Dis ain't no dispute, Senator!"

"No dispute!" reiterated Mr. Pettus, perplexed.

"No, sah!" rejoined the darky convincingly. "It ain't no dispute! It jest dis way: I'se jest been paid off an' has ten dollahs. My wife heah she thinks she ain't gunner git it an' I knows she ain't. No dispute at all, sah!"

THE COST

By David Graham Phillips

BURIED HIS FACE . . . AND BURST INTO TEARS

XXII—(Concluded)

DUMONT listened to Culver's report without interrupting him once. Culver's position had theretofore been most disadvantageous to himself. He had been too near to Dumont, had been merged in Dumont's big personality. Whatever he did well seemed to Dumont merely the direct reflection of his own abilities; whatever he did ill seemed far more stupid than a similar blunder made by a less intimate subordinate—what excuse for Culver going wrong with the guiding hand of the Great Man always upon him?

In this, his first important independent assignment, he had at last an opportunity to show his master what he could do, to show that he had not learned the Dumont methods parrot-fashion, but intelligently, that he was no mere reflecting asteroid to the Dumont sun, but a self-luminous, if lesser and dependent, star.

Dumont was in a peculiarly appreciative mood. "Why, the fellow's got brains—*good* brains," was his inward comment again and again as Culver unfolded the information he had collected—clear, accurate, non-essentials discarded, essentials in detail, hidden points brought to the surface.

It was proof positive of Dumont's profound indifference to money that he listened without any emotion whether of anger or regret to the first part of Culver's tale, the survey of the wreck—what had been forty millions now reduced to a dubious six. Dumont had neither time nor strength for emotion; he was using all his mentality in gauging the instrument he had left for the work in hand—just how long and how efficient was the broken sword with which he must face his enemies in a struggle that meant utter and irretrievable ruin to him if he failed. For he felt that if he should fail he would never again be able to gather himself together to renew the combat; either he would die outright or he would abandon himself to the appetite which had just shown him that it was dangerously near to being the strongest of the several passions ruling him.

When Culver passed to the Herron coterie and the Fanning-Smiths and Great Lakes and Gulf, Dumont was still motionless—he was now estimating the strength and the weaknesses of the enemy, and miscalculation would be fatal. At the end of three-quarters of an hour Culver stopped the steady, swift flow of his report—"That's all the important facts. There's a lot more but it would be largely repetition."

Dumont looked at him with an expression that made him proud. "Thanks, Culver. At the next annual meeting we'll elect you to Giddings' place. Please go back downtown and——" Dumont rapidly indicated half a dozen points which Culver had failed to see and investigate—the best subordinate has not the master's eye; if he had, he would not be a subordinate.

Dumont waved his hand in dismissal and settled himself to sleep. When Culver began to stammer thanks for the promised promotion, he frowned. "Don't bother me with that sort of stuff. The job's yours because you've earned it. It'll be yours as long as you can hold it down—or until you earn a better one. And you'll be loyal as Giddings was—just as long as it's to your interest and not a second longer. Otherwise you'd be a fool that I'd not have about me. Be off!"

He slept an hour and a half, then Pauline brought him a cup of beef extract—"A very small cup," he grumbled, good-humoredly. "And a very weak, watery mess in it."

As he lay propped up in his bed drinking it—slowly to make it last the longer—Pauline sat looking at him. His hands had been fat and puffy; she was filled with pity as she watched the wasted, almost scrawny hand holding the cup to his lips; there were deep hollows between the tendons, and the wrist was gaunt. Her gaze wandered to his face and rested there, in sympathy and tenderness. The ravages of the fever had been frightful—hollows where the swollen, sensual cheeks had been; the neck caved in behind and under the jawbones; loose skin hanging in wattles, deeply-set eyes, a pinched look about the nostrils and the corners of the mouth. He was homely, ugly even; except the noble curve of head and profile, not a trace of his former good looks—but at least that swinish, fleshy, fleshly expression was gone.

A physical wreck, battered, torn, dismantled by the storm and fire of disease. It was hard for her to keep back her tears.

Their eyes met and his instantly shifted. The rest of the world saw the man of force—the keen intellect, bent upon the things possession of which wins fame and honor regardless of how they are got. He knew that he could deceive the world, that so long as he was rich and powerful it would refuse to let him undeceive it, however he might strive to show it what he was. But he knew that *she* saw him as he really was—knew him as only a husband and a wife can know each the other; and he respected her for the qualities which gave her a right to despise him, and which had forced her to exercise that right. He felt himself the superior of the rest of his fellow-beings, but her inferior—did she not successfully defy him; could she not, without a word, by simply resting her calm gaze upon him, make him shift and slink?

He felt that he must change the subject—not of their conversation, for they were not talking, but of their—her—thoughts. He did not know precisely what she was thinking of him, but he was certain that it was not anything favorable—how could it be? In fact, fight though she did against the thought, into her mind as she looked, pitying yet shrinking, came his likeness to a wolf—starved and sick and gaunt, by weakness tamed into surface restraint, but in vicious teeth, in savage lips, in jaw made to crush for love of crushing a wicked wolf, impatient to resume the life of the beast of prey.

By a mischance unavoidable in a mind filled as was his he began to tell of his revenge—of the exhibition of power he purposed to show suddenly and terribly. He talked of his

enemies as a cat would talk of the mouse it was teasing within the impassable circle of its paws. She felt that they deserved the thunderbolt he said he was about to hurl into them, but she could not help feeling pity for them. If what he said of his resources and power was true, how feeble, how helpless they were—pygmies fatuously disporting themselves in the palm of a giant's hand, unconscious of where they were, of the cruel eyes laughing at them or of the iron muscles that would presently contract that hand and—— She shuddered; his voice came to her in a confused murmur

"If he does not stop I shall loathe him *again!*" she said to herself. Then to him: "Perhaps you'd like to see Langdon—he's in the drawing-room with Gladys."

"I sent for him two hours ago. Yes, tell him to come up at once."

As she took the cup he detained her hand. She beat down the impulse to snatch it away, let it lie passive. He pressed his lips upon it. "I haven't thanked you for coming back," he said in a low voice, holding to her hand nervously. "But you know it wasn't because I'm not grateful, don't you? I can hardly believe yet that it isn't a dream. I'd have said there wasn't a human being on earth who'd have done it—except your mother. No, not even you, only your mother."

At this tribute to her mother, unexpected, sincere, tears dimmed Pauline's eyes and a sob choked up into her throat.

"It was your mother in you that made you come," he went on. "But you came—and I'll not forget it. You said you had come to stay—is that so, Pauline?"

She bent her head in assent.

"When I'm well and on top again—— But there's nothing in words. All I'll say is, you're giving me a chance, and I'll make the best of it. I've learned my lesson."

He slowly released her hand. She stood there a moment, without speaking, without any definite thought. Then she left to send Langdon.

"Yes," he thought, "it was her duty. It's a woman's duty to be forgiving and gentle and loving and pure—they're made differently from men. It was unnatural, her ever going away at all. But she's a good woman, and she shall get what she deserves hereafter. When I settle this bill for my foolishness I'll not start another."

Duty—that word summed up his whole conception of the right attitude of a good woman toward a man. A woman who acted from love might change her mind; but duty was safe, was always there when a man came back from wanderings which were mere amiable, natural weaknesses in the male. Love might adorn a honeymoon or an escapade; duty was the proper adornment of a home.

"I've just been viewing the wreck with Culver," he said, as Langdon entered dressed in the extreme of the latest London fashion

"Much damage?" he inquired languidly.

"What didn't go in the storm was carried off by Giddings when he abandoned the ship. But the hull's there and—oh, I'll get her off and fix her up all right."

"Always knew Giddings was a rascal. He oozes piety and respectability. That's the worst kind you have downtown. When a man carries so much character in his face—it's like a woman who carries so much color in her cheeks that you know it couldn't have come from the inside."

"You're wrong about Giddings. He's honest enough. Any other man would have done the same in his place. He stayed until there was no hope of saving the ship."

"All lost but his honor—Wall Street honor, eh?"

"Precisely."

After a pause Langdon said: "I'd no idea you held much of your own stock. I thought you controlled through other people's proxies and made your profits by forcing the stock up or down and getting on the other side of the market."

"But, you see, I believed in Woolens," replied Dumont. "And I believe in it still, Langdon!" His eyes had in them the look of the fanatic. "That concern is breath and blood and life to me, and wife and children and parents and brothers and sisters. I've put my whole self into it. I conceived it. I brought it into the world. I nursed it and brought it up. I made it big and strong and great. It's mine, by Heaven! *Mine!* And no man shall take it from me!"

He was sitting up, his face flushed, his eyes blazing. "Gad—he does look a wild beast!" said Langdon to himself. He would have said aloud, had Dumont been well: "I'm precious glad I ain't the creature those fangs are reaching for!" He was about to caution him against exciting himself when Dumont sank back with a cynical smile at his own outburst.

"But to get down to business," he went on. "I've eleven millions of the stock left—about a hundred and twenty thousand shares. Gladys has fifty thousand shares—how much have you got?"

"Less than ten thousand. And I'd have had none at all if my mind hadn't been full of other things as I was sailing. I forgot to tell my broker to sell."

Dumont was reflecting. Presently he said: "Those curs not only took most of my stock and forced the sale of most of my other securities; they've put me in such a light that outside stockholders wouldn't send me their proxies now. To get back control I must smash them, and I must also acquire pretty nearly half the shares, and hold them till I'm firm in the saddle again."

SUCH AN EXPRESSION AN ANGEL MIGHT HAVE BEFORE IT COULD TURN AWAY

"You'd better devote yourself to thinking of escaping the grave for the present. Why bother about business? You've got enough—too much, as it is. Take a holiday—go away and amuse yourself."

Dumont smiled "That's what I'm going to do, what I'm doing—amusing myself. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't live, if I didn't feel that I was on my way back to power. Now—in the present market I couldn't borrow anything on my Woolens stock. I've two requests to make of you."

"Anything that's possible."

"The first is, I want you to lend me four millions, or, rather, negotiate the loan for me, as if it were for yourself. I've got about that amount in Governments, in several good railways and in the property here. The place at Saint X is Pauline's, but the things I can put up would bring four millions and a half at least at forced sale. So, you'll be well secured. I'm asking you to do it instead of doing it myself because, if I'm to win out, the Herron crowd must think I'm done for and nearly dead."

Langdon was silent several minutes. At last he said: "What's your plan?"

Dumont looked irritated—he did not like to be questioned, to take any one into his confidence. But he restrained his temper and said: "I'm going to make a counter-raid. I know where to strike."

"Are you sure?"

Dumont frowned. "Don't disturb yourself," he said coldly. "I can arrange the loan in another way."

"I'm asking you only for your own sake, Jack," Langdon hastily interposed. "Of course you can have the money, and I don't want your security."

"Then I'll not borrow through you." Dumont never would accept a favor from any one. He regarded favors as profitable investments but ruinous debts.

"Oh—very well—I'll take the security," said Langdon. "When do you want the money?"

"It must be covered into my account at the Inter-State National—remember, *not* the National Industrial, but the Inter-State National. A million must be deposited to-day—the rest by ten o'clock to-morrow at the latest."

"I'll attend to it. What's your other request?"

"Woolens'll take another big drop on Monday and at least two hundred and fifty thousand shares'll be thrown on the market at perhaps an average price of eighteen—less rather than more. I want you quietly to organize a syndicate to buy what's offered. They must agree to sell it to me for, say, two points advance on what they pay for it. I'll put up—in your name—a million dollars in cash and agree to forfeit it if I don't take the stock off their hands. As Woolens is worth easily double what it now stands at, they can't lose. Of course the whole thing must be kept secret."

Langdon considered this proposal for a long time. Finally he said: "I think brother-in-law Barrow and his partner and I can manage it"

"You can assure them they'll make from six hundred thousand to a million on a less than thirty days' investment of four millions and a half, with no risk whatever."

"Just about that," assented Langdon—he had been carefully brought up by his father to take care of a fortune and was cleverer at figures than he pretended.

"Do your buying through Tavistock," continued Dumont. "Give him orders to take on Monday all offerings of National Woolens, preferred and common, at eighteen or less. He'll understand what to do."

"But I may be unable to get up the syndicate on such short notice."

"You must," said Dumont. "And you will. You can get a move on yourself when you try—I found that out when we were organizing. One thing more—very important. Learn for me all you can—without being suspected—about the Fanning-Smiths and Great Lakes."

He made Langdon go over the matters he was to attend to, point by point, before he would let him leave. He was asleep when the nurse, sent in by Langdon on his way out, reached his bed—the sound and peaceful sleep of a veteran campaigner whose nerves are trained to take advantage of every lull.

At ten the next morning he sent the nurse out of his room. "Close all the doors," he said, "and don't come until I ring." He began to use the branch telephone at his bedside, calling up Langdon, and then Tavistock, to assure himself that all was going well. Next he called up in succession five of the great individual money-lenders of Wall Street, pledged them to secrecy and made arrangements for them to call upon him at his house at different hours that day and Sunday. Another might have intrusted the making of these arrangements to Culver or Langdon, but Dumont never let any one man know enough of his plan of battle to get an idea of the whole. "Now for the ammunition," he muttered, when the last appointment was made. And he rang for Culver.

Culver brought him writing materials. "Take this order," he said, as he wrote, "to the Central Park Safety Deposit vaults and bring me from my compartment the big tin box with my initials in white—remember, *in white*—on the end of it."

Three-quarters of an hour later Culver returned, carrying the box with an effort by the handle in the lid. Dumont's eyes lighted up at sight of it. "Ah!" he said, in a sigh of satisfaction and relief. "Put it under the head of the bed here. Thanks. That's all."

The nurse came as Culver left, but he sent her away. He dragged himself to the door, locked it. He took his keys from the night-stand, drew out the box and opened it. On the mass of stocks and bonds that filled it lay an envelope containing two lists—one, of the securities in the box that were the property of Gladys Dumont; the other, of the securities there that were the property of Laura Dumont, their mother.

His hand shook slightly as he unfolded these lists and a creaking in the walls or flooring made him start and glance toward the door with the look of a surprised thief. But this weakness was momentary. He was soon absorbed in mentally arranging the securities to the best advantage for distribution among the money-lenders, as collateral for the cash he purposed to stake in his game.

Such thought as he gave to the moral quality of what he was doing with his sister's and his mother's property without asking their consent was altogether favorable to himself. His was a well-trained conscience and often anticipated his demands upon it for moral support in acts that might at first blush seem criminal, or for soothing apologies for acts which were undeniably "not *quite* right." This act, conscience assured him, was of the highest morality—under his own code. For the code enacted by ordinary human beings to guide their foolish little selves he had no more respect than a lion would have for a moral code enacted by and for sheep. The sheep might assert that their code was for lions also; but why should that move the lions to anything but amusement? He had made his own code—not by special revelation from the Almighty, as did some of his fellow-practitioners of high finance, but by especial command of his imperial "destiny." And it was a strict code—it had earned him his unblemished reputation for inflexible commercial honesty and commercial truthfulness. The foundation principle was his absolute right to the great property he had created. This being granted, how could there be immorality in any act whatsoever that might be necessary to holding or regaining his kingdom? As well debate the act of a mother in "commandeering" bread or even a life to save her baby from death.

His Kingdom! His by discovery, his by adroit appropriation, his by intelligent development, his by the right of mental might! Stake his sister's and his mother's possessions for it? Their lives, if necessary!

Than John Dumont, president of the Woolens Monopoly, there was no more fanatical believer in the new gospel of

divine right—the divine right of the new race of kings, the subtle and puissant lords of trade

When he had finished his preparations for the money-lenders he unlocked the door and sank into bed exhausted. Hardly had he settled himself when, without knocking, Gladys entered, Pauline just behind her. His face blanched and from his dry throat came a hoarse, strange cry—it strongly suggested an exclamation of terror. "You startled me," he hastened to explain—as much to his conscience as to them. For, a something inside him had echoed the wondering inquiry in the two women's faces—a something that still persisted in reverencing the moral code which his new code had superseded

XXIII

AT ELEVEN o'clock on Monday morning James, head of the Fanning-Smith family, president of Fanning-Smith and Company, and chairman of the Great Lakes and Gulf railway—to note his chief titles to eminence uptown and down—was seated in his grandfather's office, in his grandfather's chair, at his grandfather's desk. Above his head hung his grandfather's portrait; and he was a slightly modernized reproduction of it. As he was thus in every outward essential his grandfather over again, he and his family and the social and business world assumed that he was the reincarnation of the crafty old fox who first saw the light of day through the chinks in a farm-hand's cottage in Maine and last saw it as it sifted through the real-lace curtains of his gorgeous bedroom in his great Madison Avenue mansion But in fact James was only physically and, as it were, titularly the representative of his grandfather. Actually he was typical of the present generation of Fanning Smiths—an aristocratic and self-intoxicated, stupid and pretentious generation; a polo and racing and hunting, a yachting and palace dwelling and money-scattering generation; a business-despising and business-neglecting generation. He moved pompously through his two worlds, fashion and business, deceiving himself completely, every one else except his wife more or less, her not at all—but that was the one secret she kept

James was the husband of Herron's daughter by his first wife, and Herron had induced him to "finance" the syndicate that had raided and captured National Woolens

James was bred to conservatism. His timidity was of that wholesome strength which so often saves chuckle-heads from the legitimate consequences of their vanity and folly. But the spectacle of huge fortunes, risen overnight before the wands of financial magicians whose abilities he despised when he compared them with his own, was too much for timidity. He had been born with a large vanity, and it had been stuffed from his babyhood by all around him until it was become as abnormal as the liver of a Strasburg goose—and as supersensitive. It suffered acutely as these Jacks went climbing up their beanstalk wealth to heights of magnificence from which the establishments and equipages of the Fanning-Smiths must seem poor to shabbiness He sneered at them as "vulgar newcomers"; he professed abhorrence of their ostentation. But he—and Gertrude, his wife—envied them, talked of them constantly, longed to imitate, to surpass them.

In the fullness of time his temptation came. He shivered, shrank, leaped headlong—his wife pushing.

About ten days before the raid on National Woolens there had drifted in to Dumont through one of his many subterranean sources of information a rumor that the Fanning-Smiths had stealthily reduced their holdings of Great Lakes to twenty-one thousand shares and that the property was not so good as it had once been. He never permitted any Wall Street development to pass unexplained—he thought it simple prudence for a man with the care of a great financial and commercial enterprise to look into every dark corner of the Street and see what was hatching there. Accordingly, he sent an inquiry back along his secret avenue. Soon he learned that Great Lakes was sound, but the Fanning-Smiths had gone rotten; that they were gambling in the stock of the road they controlled and were supposed in large part to own; that they were secretly selling its stock "short"—that is, were betting it would go down—when there was nothing in the condition of the property to justify a fall. He reflected on this situation and reached these conclusions: "James Fanning-Smith purposes to pass the autumn dividend, which will cause the stock to drop. Then he will take his profits from the shares he has sold short and will buy back control at the low price. He is a fool and a knave. Only an imbecile would thus trifle with an established property. A chance for some one to make a fortune and win a railroad by smashing the Fanning-Smiths." Having recorded in his indelible memory these facts and conclusions as to James Fanning-Smith's plunge from business into gambling, Dumont returned to his own extremely complicated affairs

He had himself begun the race for multi-millions as a gambler and had only recently become *almost* altogether a business man. But he thought there was a radical difference between his case and Fanning-Smith's. To use courageous gambling as a means to a foothold in business—he regarded that as wise audacity. To use a firm-established foothold in business as a means to gambling—he regarded that as the acme of reckless folly. Besides, when he marked the cards or loaded the dice for a great Wall Street game of "high finance," he did it with skill and intelligence; and Fanning-Smith had neither.

When the banking-house of Fanning-Smith and Company undertook to finance the raid on National Woolens it was already deep in the Great Lakes gamble. James was new to Wall Street's green table; and, while he liked the sensations and felt that his swindle on other gamblers and the public—he did not call it by that homely name, though he knew others would if they found him out—was moving smoothly, still very, very deep down his self-confidence was underlaid with quicksand. But Herron was adroit and convincing to the

ON THE FLOOR, IN THE HEAPS AND COILS OF TICKER-TAPE, LAY DUMONT

degree attainable only by those who deceive themselves before trying to deceive others; and James' cupidity and conceit were enormous. He ended by persuading himself that his house, directed and protected by his invincible self, could carry with ease the burden of both loads. Indeed, the Great Lakes gamble now seemed to him a negligible trifle in the comparison—what were its profits of a paltry few hundred thousands beside the millions that would surely be his when the great Woolens Monopoly, bought in for a small fraction of its value, should be controlled by a group of which he would be the dominant personality?

He ventured; he won. He was now secure—was not Dumont dispossessed, despoiled, dying?

At eleven o'clock on that Monday morning he was seated upon his embossed leather throne, under his grandfather's portrait, immersed in an atmosphere of self-adoration. At intervals he straightened himself, distended his chest, elevated his chin and glanced round with an air of haughty dignity, though there was none to witness and to be impressed. In Wall Street there is a paretic fatuity which, always epidemic among the small fry, infects wise and foolish, great and small, whenever a paretic dream of an enormous haul at a single cast of the net happens to come true. This paretic fatuity now had possession of James; he was crowning and draping himself with multi-millions, power and fame. At intervals he had been calling up on the telephone at his elbow Zabriskie, the firm's representative on 'Change, and had been spurring him on to larger and more frequent "sales" of Great Lakes.

His telephone bell rang. He took down the receiver—"Yes, it's Mr. Fanning-Smith—oh—Mr. Fanshaw——" He listened, in his face for the first few seconds all the pitying amusement a small, vain man can put into an expression of superiority. "Thank you, Mr. Fanshaw," he said. "But really, it's impossible. *We* are perfectly secure. No one would venture to disturb *us*." And he pursed his lips and swelled his fat cheeks in a look for which his father was noted. But, after listening a few seconds longer, his eyes had in them the beginnings of timidity.

He turned his head so that he could see the ticker-tape as it reeled off. His heavy cheeks slowly relaxed. "Yes, yes," he said hurriedly. "I'll just speak to our Mr. Zabriskie. Good-by." And he rang off, waited an instant, had his telephone connected with the telephone Zabriskie was using at the Stock Exchange. All the while his eyes were on the ticker-tape. Suddenly he saw upon it where it was bending from under the turning wheel a figure that made him drop the receiver and seize it in both his trembling hands. "Great Heavens!" he gasped. "Fanshaw may be right. Great Lakes 112—and only a moment ago it was 103."

His visions of wealth and power and fame were whisking off in a wild wind of terror. A new quotation was coming from under the wheel—Great Lakes 115. In his eyes stared the awful thought that was raging in his brain—"This may mean——" And his vanity instantly thrust out Herron and Gertrude and pointed at them as the criminals who would be responsible if—he did not dare formulate the possibilities of that bounding price.

The telephone boy at the other end, going in search of Zabriskie, left the receiver off the hook and the door of the booth open. Into Fanning-Smith's ear came the tumult from the floor of the Exchange—shrieks and yells riding a roar like the breakers of an infernal sea. And on the ticker-tape James was reading the story of the cause of those wild cries; was reading how his Great Lakes venture was caught in those breakers, was rushing upon the rocks amid the despairing wails of its crew, the triumphant jeers of the wreckers on shore. Great Lakes 118—tick—tick—tick—Great Lakes 123—tick—tick—tick—tick—Great Lakes 130—tick—tick—tick—Great Lakes 135—— "It can't be true!" he moaned. "It *can't* be true! If it is I'm ruined—all of us ruined!"

The roar in the receiver lessened—some one had entered the booth at the other end and had closed the door. "Well!" he heard in a sharp, impatient voice—Zabriskie's.

"What is it, Ned—what's the matter? Why didn't you tell me?" Fanning-Smith's voice was like the shrill shriek of a coward in a perilous storm. It was in itself complete explanation of Zabriskie's neglect to call upon him for orders.

"Don't ask me! Somebody's rocketing Great Lakes—taking all offerings. Don't keep me here. I'm having a hard enough time, watching this crazy market and sending our orders by the roundabout way. Got anything to suggest?"

Tick—tick—tick—Commander-in-chief Fanning-Smith watched the crawling tape in fascinated horror—Great Lakes 138. It had spelled out for him another letter of that hideous word, Ruin. All the moisture of his body seemed to be on the outside; inside, he was dry and hot as a desert. If the price went no higher, if it did not come down, nearly all he had in the world would be needed to settle his "short" contracts. For he would have to deliver at 107 and less the more than 200,000 shares which he had contracted to sell; and to get them for delivery he would have to pay $138 a share. A net loss of more than six millions!

"You must get that price down—you must! You *must!*" quavered James.

"H——ll!" exclaimed Zabriskie—he was the youngest member of the firm, a son of James' oldest sister. "Tell me how, and I'll do it"

"You're there—you know what to do," pleaded James. "And I order you to get that price down!"

"Don't keep me here, talking rot. I've been fighting—and I'm going to keep on"

(Continued on Page 44)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶Modern charity payeth a multitude of salaries.

¶You never know what you can't do till you try.

¶Speak a good word for the living—the dead don't need it

¶There's enough fun in the world for everybody to have some.

¶A test of honesty in woman is her admission that she was cheated at a bargain sale

¶All would do great things if they had the money, but few will attempt great things to get the money.

¶It is a mistake to suppose that every man who succeeds in keeping out of jail is going to get into Heaven.

¶Traveling underground and living in a skyscraper may increase the New Yorker's difficulty in making both ends meet.

¶This is the season when the practical spring poet gazes upon the snowclad earth and remembers that copy for magazines must be in three months before publication day.

¶Doctors and scientists who are discussing the hygiene of the kiss are attacking that part of it which nobody cares anything about. A real sanitary, intelligent kiss would be as flat as boiled water.

The Dearth of School-Teachers

FROM various parts of the country comes the complaint of a dearth of school-teachers. The complaint is especially insistent in the West, but it is also heard in the East. Teachers of a certain sort are always to be had, but the supply of the kind of teacher that the more enlightened educational authorities would like to employ does not seem to be keeping up with the demand. The inference is that well-trained and energetic young men and women, who in other days would have taken up teaching as a temporary calling, are finding an outlet for their talents in other directions.

Perhaps a glance at the latest annual report of the Commissioner of Education will help to make it clear why this is so. In 1902 there were employed in the public schools of the United States 439,596 teachers, of whom 122,392 were men and 317,204 women. In 1870 the percentage of men teachers was 41; in 1890 it was 34.5; in 1902 it had fallen to 27.8. The average monthly salary of men teachers in the United States in 1902 was a trifle over $50, while the average woman teacher received something less than $40 a month.

The aggregate expenditure for schools in the United States in 1870 was less than $70 000,000, in 1902 the aggregate expenditure was over $235,000,000. The number of pupils in daily attendance on the public schools in 1870 was about 4,000,000 and in 1902 nearly 11,000,000, an increase in thirty-two years of 175 per cent. As the increase in the aggregate school expenditure during the same period was 235.7 per cent., it is evident that the increase in salaries has not kept pace with other school expenses by 60.7 per cent. Either fewer teachers are employed in proportion to the number of pupils, or the average teacher is getting less money than was the case a generation ago.

If the people of this country are to maintain the lead that they have taken in the industrial progress of the world they must make their schools better and better, and they cannot do this without employing the best teachers that are to be had, and they cannot get the best teachers, with the cost of living steadily rising, unless they are willing to pay at least as good wages as those of the average clerk and mechanic.

The Woman-Haters

THOSE men who take their pleasure in the somewhat melancholy way of depreciating the intelligence of women are never noisier than when pointing out the deficiency of women in the vital quality of justice. The world is managed by men and it is full of injustice, yet the women are as deficient in justice as the men are efficient in it. And those critics of women go on to point out how absurd it would be to admit women to juries.

It is a notorious fact that in this country prosecuting officers despair of convicting a good-looking woman of any crime, no matter how atrocious it may be and no matter how strong the evidence against her. Why? No doubt for the same reason that would lead a jury of women to clear a personally fascinating rascal—if they would do it.

Neither sex has any ground for preening itself on its calm reasonableness. But it is an open question whether, if all the facts could be got at, it would not be found that for sloppy sentimentality and sheer unreasoning prejudice the men are not worse than women. A woman does not show herself irrational by using tears as an argument with an obdurate husband. On the contrary, she shows that she is shrewdly rational and that she knows he isn't.

First Scholars as First Men

A RECENT number of a magazine published at Harvard University gives a list of the first ten scholars of each of the classes that graduated in the sixth decade of the last century at that institution. The list is itself significant as regards individuals. The list is also more significant in respect to high rank in college as giving ground for the assurance of distinction in life itself.

In the class of 1850 is James C. Carter, of New York, frequently called a leader of the bar in this country, and Joseph H. Thayer, the eminent scholar in New Testament Greek. Carter was fourth and Thayer was third in a class of sixty-five members.

The second scholar of the class of 1851 was W. W. Goodwin, one of the most distinguished students and teachers of Greek of the last fifty years. The fourth scholar of the class of 1852, of eighty-seven members, was Joseph H. Choate, Ambassador at the Court of St. James. The second scholar of the class of 1853, of eighty-eight members, was President Eliot. The most distinguished man, without doubt, in the class of 1854, was Horace H. Furness, the great Shakespearean editor and scholar. In the class of 1855, of eighty-one members, the two first scholars were Francis C. Barlow, the New York lawyer who died seven years ago, and Robert Treat Paine, the Boston philanthropist. The eighth scholar was F. B. Sanborn, author and publicist, and the fourteenth, be it said, Phillips Brooks. In the class of 1856, of ninety members, are found the names of Greenough, the teacher of Latin, of Searle, the astronomer, and of Robinson, the Governor of Massachusetts. The fourth scholar of the next class, of 1857, was Honorable John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, Member of Congress and Governor of Massachusetts. In the class of 1858 are found the names of Wentworth and Cilley, teachers in Phillips Exeter Academy, and of Hartwell, Justice of the Supreme Court and Attorney-General of Hawaii. The class of 1859 had for its third scholar William Everett, Member of Congress, principal of Adams Academy; of Albert Stickney and of John C. Gray, lawyers in New York and Boston, and of Alexander McKenzie, a Cambridge preacher.

In the whole number of one hundred are found two who have been members of Cabinets, five who have been Congressmen, five Judges, two Governors of States and one Ambassador. Also in the list is found a good number of those who have served as teachers at Harvard and other colleges.

The idea has been altogether too common that first scholars do not become first men in after life. The idea is, on the whole, false. The powers that win in the law, the ministry and other forms of public service are the qualities that win in the classroom. In fact, as one compares the names of the first ten scholars of these ten classes of Harvard University with the names of all the other members of the same classes it is easy to see that among these ten names are found the names of men of greater distinction than are found in all the remaining names of any class. In a class, for instance, of ninety members the first ten in scholars represent greater distinction than the names of the other eighty.

The Dangerous Reformer

IT SOUNDS well to say that we should not place man and property on the same level. It sounds humanitarian and ideal and scornful of sordidness. But what does it mean?

The first advance that was made toward manhood by the remote and extremely clever "primate" who was the ancestor of the human race was made on the day when, having used a particularly serviceable kind of club in bringing down his simple meal, he said, "I like this club. I'll not drop it and lose it but will keep it by me for use in getting to-morrow's food." That was the origin of property.

Take away from man the property sense and you have a lower animal. Take away from man the sense of security in his property and you smash civilization to smithereens. Better far the worst abuses of property rights than really dangerous agitations against security in private property.

The agitator who attacks security in property sets back all reform, for he rouses in antagonism a human instinct of self-preservation and makes men willing to endure any evils so long as the peril of that agitation is remembered.

Are We the People?

WHEN we say "the people" what do we mean? Just what part of our 80,000,000 do we have in mind, or, rather, ought we to have in mind?

Obviously, practically all of "the people"—that is, of those who are actually or presumably or potentially efficient in the nation—must be included in those pursuing gainful occupations. Of such persons there are about 30,000,000—probably 31,000,000 by this time, as the figure is from the census of 1900. But this includes many who are under age and many women, neither class being, at least politically, efficient, though it would be a grave mistake to leave the latter out of the calculation in estimating public sentiment. Looking at the subdivisions of the gainfully employed we find 5,681,000 farmers, planters and the like, a trifle over 1,250,000 in the professions, about 850,000 wholesale and retail merchants and traders, about 200,000 keepers of hotels, restaurants and the like, about 300,000 manufacturers, bankers, managers of corporations, etc., about 500,000 agents, bookkeepers, accountants, etc.—in all, certainly not far from nine millions, probably considerably more than ten millions, who are either employers or in the positions of comparative independence—to neglect, for the moment, the important fact that any laborer who does his work intelligently and thoroughly is even more independent than an employer.

Nearly all of those ten millions are men and voters. The total vote at a Presidential election is about fifteen millions.

Evidently the importance of the so-called "labor vote" can be exaggerated. The politician who thinks that "we, the people" means a shiftless fellow preferring idleness to labor and violence to either, is liable to make a mistake.

Money and Health

IT IS one of the fads of the day to attribute nervous prostration and early death to the mad race for wealth. Naturally, any pursuit that breaks the rules of moderation reacts strongly upon the nerves and the physical powers. A mad race for anything uses up an extraordinary amount of tissue

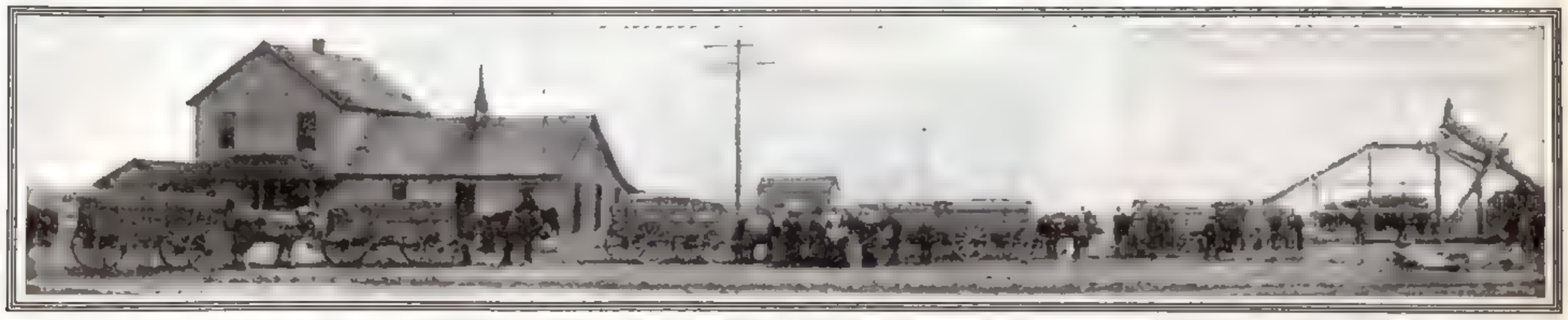
But successful money-getting calls for soberness of living and evenness of mentality rather than for madness of any degree, and when we keep the distinction in mind and look around us we find that the money-getters are, with very few exceptions, men who are well preserved and who are enjoying their three and four score years. Every community has its rich man who is also one of its oldest inhabitants. The millionaire of the United States who is reputed to possess more ready money than any one else is eighty-seven and he keeps his office hours as regularly as any of his clerks. The younger money-making men are above the average in bodily health.

It has been this way from the beginning of history. Money-getting needs care, and this care extends to eating and other habits, as well as to prompt collections

When Croesus was placed on the funeral pyre and death was rising in the flames, Herodotus tells us, his prayers prevailed upon Apollo, to whose temples Croesus contributed costly gifts, to send a rainstorm which quenched the fire. There ought to be comfort in this for those rich men who are giving millions to colleges and churches, and, anyhow, the pleasure they get out of it yields peacefulness to their years.

Men who stay rich and become richer and who grow old gracefully are not the gamblers of the stock marts and the grain pits. We should think of them and of their example when we deal in generalizations about money madness.

THE CALL OF THE WEST



DELIVERING SUGAR BEETS IN WESTERN KANSAS FOR SHIPMENT TO THE FACTORY

Why the Western Wheat Fields Draw the Eastern Farmer

By Clarence H. Matson

UP IN a little Vermont home a sturdy New England farm boy broke his home ties a few months ago and set out for the West. He had been reading of the bounteous crops produced on the prairies last year, of the prosperity of the West, its cheap lands, its great opportunities, and the fortunes it is giving to those who seek them, and he set forth to seek his own from them. He was particularly interested in the stories of the great wheat crop—how some men had raised a thousand acres or more, yielding them small fortunes in a single year; how others had made enough this year alone to more than pay for their entire farms; and when he compared these things with the little hilly Vermont farm and its comparatively meagre products, he longed to see the Great West for himself. To be sure, his father's little farm, despite its hills and rocks, had made its owner a comfortable living, and its clover and fruit and dairy products would keep his parents in comfort during their declining years, but it could not be made into two farms, and land was too high for him to think of buying, so the only ways open for him led either to the city or to the West, and he chose the latter.

And he is only one of thousands. Not only from New England, but from the Atlantic States and the Ohio Valley, and even from the Middle West, they are still pushing on. Sometimes the tide flows stronger toward one point, sometimes toward another. Some of the emigrants are trekking across the border into the Canadian Northwest; again Oklahoma is the land of promise, or it may be far-off California, but it is always the West.

The Boom Days of the Early Eighties

NOW the great wheat crop which has been harvested from the prairies of Western Kansas is turning the stream in that direction. Every train takes home-seekers into that section. There are among them farmers from some of the older States who have sold their farms in the East for enough to buy three or four of the same size on the prairies, so that they may perhaps give one to each of their sons. Others among them are young fellows from the East, who, like the farmer boy from Vermont, are compelled to choose between the city and the prairies, and, like him, they are choosing the prairies. Others come from the cities, wearied perhaps with the strife between capital and labor, and in desperation they are seeking the prairies of the West where they will not be made to pay tribute to combinations of both employer and employee, and where every man is the equal of his neighbor.

This is not the first time that settlers have gone out on those Western prairies. In the boom days of the eighties settlers flocked in by the thousands. Towns were projected with water-works systems, fine brick blocks, big schoolhouses and other public improvements. But the people knew not the country and they failed. The towns went to pieces, and to-day it is possible to find water hydrants sticking out of the prairie in some vast pasture, where once thousands of dollars were spent in building a town. When the boom collapsed the buildings were torn down or moved away, and probably all that now remains of such towns is the half-filled cellars, the water pipes and the hydrants. Most of the people who settled the country in those days did not understand the then semi-arid region which has since grown comparatively rich. They expected great returns from the soil and they spent their money in townsite speculations. As a result, when crop failures came from trying to grow crops which would not grow, thousands were compelled to abandon their homesteads and return East where they could make a living. A comparatively small number remained, conquered and changed climatic conditions, learned the nature of the soil and how to handle it, and these are the ones who have just reaped such an abundant harvest

For the sake not only of the settlers, but also of the country itself, it is to be hoped that "boom" conditions will not again be brought about by the tide of immigration which is setting in in that direction. The new home-seekers should take advice from those who have spent years in learning the country, and they should be prepared for disappointment if their new farms do not yield them a hundred per cent. on their investment the first year

The almost fabulous tales which are told of the marvelous production of wheat on the prairies of Kansas last year are, as a rule, entirely true. A great many fields produced wheat not only equal in value to that of the land on which it was grown, but in some instances more than double and treble that amount

"There are thousands of acres of three-dollar land in my judicial district which have yielded twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre," said Judge Charles E. Lobdell, of Larned, Kansas, to me recently. Judge Lobdell's district includes some of the largest wheat counties in Kansas and extends west to the Colorado line. He is himself a wheat-grower.

This statement will sound fabulous to many Eastern farmers, yet it is absolutely true. Wheat in that region is worth from fifty to sixty cents a bushel, so that a twenty-five bushel yield brings a gross return of about fourteen dollars the acre. The cost of raising and marketing the wheat is from five to six dollars an acre, so that the net profit is equal to almost three times the value of the land.

Two years ago Mr. H. H. Wolcott, now of the Topeka State Journal, purchased eighty acres of land in Pawnee County, Kansas, for three hundred dollars. Last fall he rented it to be sown to wheat. The usual terms are for the renter to give the owner one-third of the crop as it comes from the thresher, but Mr. Wolcott rented his land for one-fourth of the crop on condition that his share be delivered at the railway station and sold for him, so that he had absolutely no trouble in connection with it. A few days after the crop was threshed this fall he received a check for $302, two dollars more than the land cost him, and it represented only one-fourth of the crop.

Instances of this kind were frequent in Western Kansas this year, but it does not follow that a man who knows nothing of the country can buy five hundred acres of land for fifteen hundred dollars and make a net profit of three thousand dollars off of it the first year. If he buys raw prairie land it must be "broken" in the spring, and in the following fall, after the sod has been crushed and turned again, the land may be seeded. If he "breaks" the land himself it will take considerable time, and if he is able to hire the work done it will cost him $1.25 an acre. If he buys land that has been thoroughly tilled for several seasons it will probably cost him six or eight dollars an acre, while a well-improved farm with a comfortable house and barn may cost from ten to twenty dollars an acre, but there are few such for sale. Their owners will not part with them.

Why Good Land is Cheap

THE reason why land is so cheap—good, rich land at three or four dollars an acre is cheap—is because there is so much more land than there are people to farm it. Counties containing from nine hundred to fifteen hundred square miles have only from two thousand to seven thousand population. When vacant lands begin to be scarce in these counties they will rapidly advance in value. Twenty years ago the counties a hundred miles or more further east were in the same stage of development as these western wheat counties are now, yet some of the land in them now runs as high as fifty and sixty dollars an acre.

There was once a time when it was supposed there was no good farming land beyond the Missouri River. There are gray-haired farmers still living in Eastern Kansas and Nebraska who remember that when they first settled in that region fifty years ago they were told they could never make a success of farming on the prairies west of the Missouri. But their farms have made many of them wealthy and are worth to-day from sixty to eighty dollars an acre. Little by little the buffalo and the antelope were driven westward until thirty years ago the frontier was two hundred miles west of the Missouri. West of that lay the then semi-arid region—so-called—occupied largely by vast cattle ranges, but little by little the boundary was pushed west until now it has almost reached the Colorado line.

AN ALFALFA FIELD ON THE PRAIRIES

The reclamation of these prairie lands is not accomplished in a night, nor, indeed, in a season. In their virgin state the sun of centuries has beaten down upon them and, with the buffalo grass, formed a hard sod on the surface, which sheds the prairie rains like a roof. It was almost impossible for water to soak deep into this soil. Then came the settler and broke the sod. He pulverized the rich dirt so that when the rains fell the soil was saturated and held the moisture. Then the settler built dams across the dry sloughs and made little ponds here and there, conserving the surface moisture, which, when it evaporated, added to the humidity of the atmosphere. He planted groves of trees over his farm, first the quick-growing cottonwood, and then other more substantial varieties. These broke the force of the winds and aided in increasing the moisture.

Little by little climatic conditions were changed. Where once there was only an uncertain rainfall in the spring and fall there is now sufficient moisture to make forage crops certain and wheat and barley a good crop at least two years out of three, well out toward the Colorado line. In Central Kansas the moisture now lasts well through the summer, so that corn is a reasonably certain crop. In fact, Jewell, the central one of the northern tier of counties, was for eight consecutive years the banner corn county of the State. One year it produced more than ten million bushels of corn, and it will fall little, if any, short of that mark this year.

WHERE THE WHEAT FIELDS STRETCH AWAY FOR MILES AND MILES

The Retreat of the Wheat Belt

BUT as corn has advanced westward wheat has receded before it until now the wheat belt is practically in Western Kansas. Probably three-fourths of the great Kansas wheat crop this year was grown west of the centre of the State, the best of it growing far out toward the Colorado line, and it is this region that is now attracting immigration. It is only this year that a dozen or more of these counties have become pronounced wheat counties. For a number of years the semi-arid region has been trying to claim them, but little by little their crops have become more pronounced, until this year eleven of these heretofore supposed semi-arid counties produced more than a million bushels of wheat each, and a number of others produced even more amazingly, considering their limited acreage. It is in these counties that the cheap lands are to be found, and in them the settler of to-day has a far greater chance of success, if he proceeds along the proper lines, than had the homesteader who settled in Central Kansas a quarter of a century ago.

While there is an abundance of land to be had for from three dollars an acre up, there is some that can be had for even less. There are still several thousand acres of public domain in these western counties, and some of it is undoubtedly excellent farming land, though some is probably fit for nothing but grazing, especially in those counties where there is little left. This land is all open to preëmption under the homestead law, and by living upon it for five years any citizen of the United States who has not exhausted his homestead rights can become the possessor of a farm of 160 acres. On July 1 last there were in the various wheat counties the following amounts, in acres, of Government lands subject to preëmption:

Logan	59,380
Gove	25,720
Scott	19,580
Rawlins	18,800
Lane	5,240
Ness	2,480
Ellis	1,135
Rooks	1,080
Trego	920
Decatur	600
Sheridan	520
Thomas	440

Last fall wheat was even encroaching to a considerable extent on the hitherto almost exclusive cattle counties along the Colorado line. In these there are the following acreages of vacant Government lands.

Wallace	82,338
Greeley	71,220
Cheyenne	63,300
Wichita	14,080
Sherman	11,200

In the southwestern part of the State there are still larger acreages, but cattle are still supreme in that region, and little wheat is raised there.

In addition to Government land and that owned by private parties, the Union Pacific Railroad Company owns considerable land in a dozen or more counties. This formed a part of the original land grant made by Congress to the Union Pacific Company for building its transcontinental line. Every alternate section, or square mile of land, for thirty miles on each side of the railroad right-of-way was given the company originally, and much of this still belongs to the railroad company and is for sale to settlers on easy terms.

Two sections, or square miles, in every Congressional township, six miles square, were given by Congress to the State of Kansas for the purpose of building up a school fund, and these two sections, numbers sixteen and thirty-six of each township, are for sale by the State, the proceeds going into a permanent school fund, the interest on which goes to the support of the public school system of the State. There is still a large amount of vacant school land in Kansas, and some of that in the sparsely settled counties is desirable land. The price of this land is fixed by appraisers, but it is rarely more than two or three dollars an acre.

The new settler in those regions which have only recently been rescued from the semi-arid region should heed the experience of his successful neighbors and follow their advice in most matters pertaining to methods of farming. Wheat, barley and forage crops, the latter consisting of kaffir corn, sorghum and alfalfa, are the chief crops which can be raised in this region. The largest profits are to be secured from the two grain crops, although alfalfa is also an extremely profitable crop if one can irrigate it just a little

A Record Crop in Alfalfa

CAPTAIN J. H. CHURCHILL, of Dodge City, who is president of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, has a field of alfalfa which he sowed thirteen years ago—it is a perennial plant—and this year up to September 1 he had cut two crops of hay from it, harvested one crop of seed, and still had time to cut another crop of hay before frost. The hay crops require more or less moisture, but the seed crop matures best with dry weather. Captain Churchill has not only cut several tons of hay to the acre from his alfalfa field, worth not less than five dollars a ton, but his seed crop yielded him fifteen bushels of seed to the acre, and at this writing it is worth seven dollars a bushel. This, however, is an unusual alfalfa yield. Six tons of hay and five bushels of seed is generally considered a good yield of alfalfa.

As has been said, the chief crops of this region are wheat and barley, more particularly the former. But, though many farmers have made small fortunes this year out of wheat alone, it is not best to depend entirely upon it. It does not occupy more than three months in the year of the farmer's time and there is always a chance of a failure, in which event the farmer would have nothing upon which to support his family. What is proving a great help, not only to Western Kansas but to other prairie regions as well, and what promises to become a great prairie industry, is dairying. There is plenty of pasturage and the unbroken prairie lands are covered, as a rule, with an abundance of buffalo grass. It costs but little to care for the cows, and the hand separator and the modern creamery have solved the remainder of the problem. For winter feed nothing excels alfalfa as a milk-producer, while kaffir corn and sorghum grow readily and afford an abundance of roughness. The wheat fields, too, are pastured the greater part of the winter. Hundreds of Western farmers are now keeping a dozen or more cows, and their cream checks, which come from the creamery company once a month, run from forty dollars up to over one hundred dollars

The dairy industry has only been inaugurated in Western Kansas during the past two years, so that it is not yet even well under way, and will doubtless become a source of great revenue to the farmers as they increase their dairy herds. It is being developed by the great creamery companies which are now making the butter in the West. These companies complain that they cannot begin to get enough cream for their use. One of these companies operates on so large a scale that some months ago it sold on a single order a solid trainload of butter—twelve car-loads—and since then it has twice duplicated the order. The Rock Island Railroad Company has recently inaugurated a new train running from Northwestern Kansas eastward for the express purpose of carrying cream from the ranches to the creamery.

Early each morning the farmer and his family milk their cows. Then the milk is put through the hand separator and the cream is taken immediately from the warm milk. The cream is placed in big cans, made especially for shipping, and it is hauled off to the nearest railroad station, where the cream train takes it in refrigerator cars to the creamery, three hundred miles away, and twenty-four hours after it comes from the cow the cream has been made into butter.

The dairying industry affords the farmer a sure support for his family whether his crop fails or not, and it does not interfere with his wheat farming. Then if he gets a big crop of wheat besides it is clear profit to him. Many farmers figure that if they get a wheat crop every other year they will become comparatively wealthy in a very few years.

The Passing of the Cow-Puncher

CATTLE-RAISING was the great industry of these plains until the rainfall made wheat-raising possible, and it will continue to be a large item so long as any considerable tracts of land remain in open ranges. The ranges are gradually dissolving into farms, however, or at least the rich, arable lands are, and the exclusive cattle raisers are being driven farther west, although the southwestern part of the State is exclusively a cattle country, except along the Arkansas Valley, where alfalfa and the sugar beet are raised in considerable quantities by irrigation

Though the wheat farmers in some Western Kansas counties have been farming large tracts in a rather loose manner, plowing the ground perhaps only once in two or three years, they are learning that it pays to be more careful. Many of them are adopting the Campbell system of soil culture, and by so doing have doubled their wheat yields. It requires a great deal more labor but the results more than justify it. Yields of forty and fifty bushels of wheat an acre were by no means uncommon last year among farmers who use the Campbell system, while their neighbors perhaps harvested only twenty and twenty-five bushels with the common method of farming. Two ideas are paramount in the Campbell system. One is to plow deep, using a subsoiler, which throws out new soil from a depth of eight or ten inches below the surface, and allows the rains to soak far into the ground; and the other is to keep a dust mulch on the plowed ground to conserve the moisture. The ground is harrowed immediately after plowing, and also after each rain, until the wheat is so large that harrowing might injure it.

The man who goes to Western Kansas to build a home need not expect a fortune in a day, nor that he will escape hard work. But if he has determination and will take advantage of the experience of others he will probably succeed with no very great hardships. If his capital is limited he may find it advisable to live in a sod cabin for a time, and though the sod cabin may not be particularly attractive to an Eastern family at first, it is really warmer in winter and cooler in summer than a frame house. The sod house is not nearly so numerous in Western Kansas as it once was, but those who now count their acres by the hundreds, and whose wheat crops last year yielded them from three to ten thousand dollars, got their start in sod houses.

Kansas doubtless has a great future. The irrigation movement will probably lead to the building of small storage reservoirs on the prairies and the sinking of artesian wells. Indeed, one artesian well has just been "brought in" in Ellis County at a depth of five hundred feet. With the development of irrigation the sugar beet is destined to play an important part in Western Kansas agriculture. It already does so at a few points in Colorado, where irrigation is now possible, and lands which were worthless without water are now valued at from one hundred dollars an acre upward for sugar-beet culture. Two large sugar factories are in active operation in Eastern Colorado and others are projected. The prairies of Western Kansas will be even better adapted to the sugar beet than Colorado as soon as the problem of water supply is solved. As from ten to fifteen acres is a large beet field for one farmer to manage, he could raise beets and still have an abundance of unirrigated land left for his wheat and dairying.

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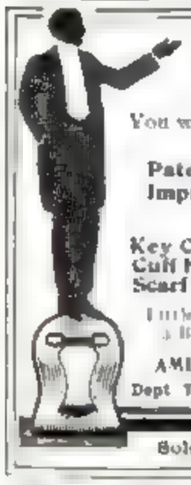

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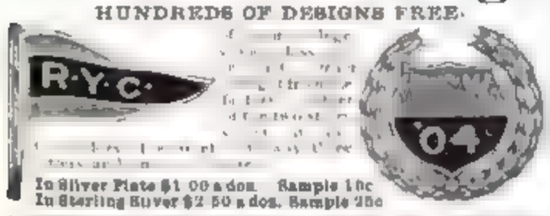

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE — Senator Beveridge's able and timely review of the chief factor in the problem of the Far East.

¶ Senator Beveridge may, as a public man, deplore the conflict of ambitions in the East, but as a prophet and an author he cannot fail to feel a secret thrill of pride and gratification. Ever since his journey to Russia, Siberia and Manchuria Senator Beveridge has been unqualified in his pronouncement that war between Russia and Japan was inevitable, and now his book The Russian Advance *(Harper and Brothers)*, appears at the moment of most heated discussion and greatest interest

The preface declares that "nothing has been essayed except to give the reader a faithful report of what any inquiring traveler may see and hear for himself if he should take the same journey"; but the reader will do well to admit that the chances are that he would see and hear for himself very much less, and to acknowledge the foresight and acumen of an acute intelligence working along carefully determined lines of inquiry All the questions now uppermost in debate have been prepared and sifted in advance There is an able chapter of exposition on the causes of rivalry that have led to the present open break, and a careful, critical consideration of the Russian soldier and the Japanese soldier follows. In the appendix will be found the texts of the Treaty of Shimonoseki, by which Southern Manchuria was ceded to Japan, the Mikado's Rescript (dated two days later and prepared on the compulsion of Russia, Germany and France) withdrawing from Manchuria, a recapitulation of the reputed Cassini Convention, the Russo-Manchurian railway agreement, the Anglo-Russian agreement respecting spheres of influence in China, and the treaty of offensive and defensive alliance between Great Britain and Japan. Two maps, the first paralleling the opening chapters of historical narrative, the second bearing the significant legend, Russia and the *remainder* of Europe and Asia, illustrate the lesson of the text Chapters of secondary interest for the moment, but not of less importance, are those on industrial expansion, the character of the colonization and future of Siberia, and Russian sentiment toward, and criticism of, America and things American

It will be seen from even such a brief summary of chapter heads that the book is its own best recommendation. It answers all questions put it—not explicitly indeed, for the author by his position no less than his intention is pledged to impartiality—but by the marshalling of facts. It appears then, that Russia overshadows the whole of Asia, that bounded by the frozen North, no one can hope to turn her flank in Siberia, and secure in her isolation, that, little by little, she is colonizing, developing, binding together the great mass of her Asiatic possessions, so that in but a few years, as runs the life of nations, she can operate as efficiently in the East from a Siberian base as now in the West from a European base. Russia, to adopt an effective bit of slang, is "Johnny on the spot." Japan may win at first, but, with Russia unmolested in Siberia, it is only a question of time when she will overflow her boundaries and sweep Japan into the sea. Japan has only one chance. She may gain a foothold on the mainland, and once there, if she can organize and inject life into the powerful but inert mass of China, she may dispute the "Russian Advance" in the middle of the road with more than equal hope of success. But the eventuation of this hope depends not only on the outcome of the present dispute, but, supposing Japan successful, on a second success no less important in her dealings with China, the Sleepy Man of the East—and against all these indeterminations is the flawless logic of Russia's position on the map.

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Tricks of Mushroom Growing—By René Bache

THE "MANED" MUSHROOM—AN EDIBLE VARIETY

NEWEST of the achievements of science is the artificial mushroom, and its creator is Dr. D. B. Dugger, of the Missouri Agricultural Experiment Station, who has found out how to induce the spores of *Agaricus campestris* and other edible fungi to germinate by bringing certain chemicals into contact with them. In this way he obtains a pure "spawn," which, on being planted in properly-prepared soil, soon produces a fine crop of mushrooms. It has proved altogether superior to natural spawn.

This spawn, put up in hermetically-sealed bottles, has been supplied recently to a number of commercial mushroom growers, who are experimenting with it; and it has been tested in "trial beds" at the Experiment Station, in Columbia, Missouri, with results described as highly satisfactory

Under ordinary circumstances the grower may obtain his spawn from a manure-heap (in which its white threads may sometimes be seen forming a delicate network), or, as more often happens, he buys it in the shape of bricks from a seedsman. This stuff, which is full of all sorts of impurities (including eggs of insects which attack the mushrooms, and spores of moulds that affect them injuriously), is simply broken into pieces and planted in the beds. It may possess the requisite vitality for the production of a crop, or it may not, the extent to which it may be contaminated by harmful germs being impossible to determine

The "culture" in the sealed bottle, on the other hand, is absolutely pure. It consists of nothing but gelatine, which, after being sterilized, has been inoculated with mushroom spores. These latter have germinated and developed the peculiar vegetation of the fungus (corresponding to the branches and leaves of higher plants), which is the so-called spawn. It takes the form of a fine branching network, exquisitely delicate, and needs only to be introduced into a favorable soil in order to yield the fruit of the mushroom plant—which is the mushroom itself

But hitherto it has been found impracticable to persuade the modest and diffident spores (corresponding to seeds) of the mushroom to germinate on gelatine. They could not be induced to "hatch," so to speak, and, remaining dormant, were of no use to anybody. How to stir them into life was the question. Electricity was tried on them, but they refused to respond As a last resort, an effort was made to stimulate them by the application of chemicals

Eureka! It was exactly what was required. A few failures, and then, when the right chemical was tried, success was achieved. Not only one but several different substances proved capable of accomplishing the purpose. The nature of these chemicals is, for the present, Doctor Dugger's secret. He is holding it back for formal revelation in a comprehensive treatise from his own pen.

The important point, no longer to be concealed, is that, as discovered by Doctor Dugger, mushroom spores can be waked to life and persuaded to feed and develop on sterilized gelatine by certain chemical stimuli. Once "hatched," they promptly begin to develop the spawn, or vegetation of the fungus plant; and, when the process has gone far enough, the "cultures," duly bottled, may be used, instead of natural spawn, for planting mushroom beds

The common field mushroom *(Agaricus campestris)* bears on the under side of its cap, attached to the pink "gills," a multitude of spores. These spores—which, as already explained, correspond to the seeds of flowering plants—are myriads in number. They are brown in color, and so simple is their individual structure that each of them can be described only as a single cell. Yet a single one contains within itself the potentiality of a complete mushroom plant

To obtain a "culture" Doctor Dugger took a tiny piece of the under side of the cap of a ripe mushroom and placed it, under aseptic conditions, in contact with a small quantity of sterilized gelatine in a sealed tube. In this way the gelatine was inoculated with the spores of the agaric, which, when the requisite chemical was used, promptly began to develop the vegetation of the fungus. Doctor Dugger has not revealed the method adopted by him for applying the chemical, but it is supposed that he mixed it with the gelatine.

Anybody who knows anything at all about the subject is aware that the common field mushroom is only one of many available species of edible fungi native to this country Doctor Dugger has obtained pure spawn cultures of some of these others and is ready to distribute them to growers who appreciate their value. Later, efforts will be made to secure cultures of all the most desirable mushrooms in the United States the propagation of which will thus be rendered easily practicable.

When this object has been attained the grower, professional or amateur, having selected the kind of edible fungus that he wants, will be able to purchase the requisite "seed" in a bottle. The cultures being scientifically prepared, there will be no danger of planting toadstool spawn by mistake; and the new method can hardly fail to lead eventually to the popularizing of many species which now, through ignorance, are not eaten.

Artificial mushroom "seed" of the sort described has one disadvantage—it is expensive. But Doctor Dugger proposes to overcome this difficulty by showing growers how to use his cultures in the manufacture of spawn bricks. A brick composed of stable sweepings compacted under pressure may be inoculated with the culture by introducing into it a tiny bit of the latter, the "mycelium" soon spreading through the mass, which may then be broken into pieces and planted in the way already mentioned

The Government Plant Bureau, under whose auspices Doctor Dugger is conducting his experiments, purposes to make a special study of mushroom food—that is to say, of the nutrients in the soil upon which the fungi depend for their growth. It is known that these substances must be mainly nitrogenous, but beyond this point nothing has been ascertained. In addition, a careful examination is being made of many caverns, with a view to finding out how far it might be practicable to grow mushrooms in them, as is done in France.

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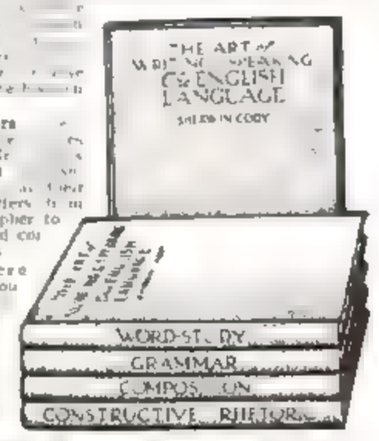

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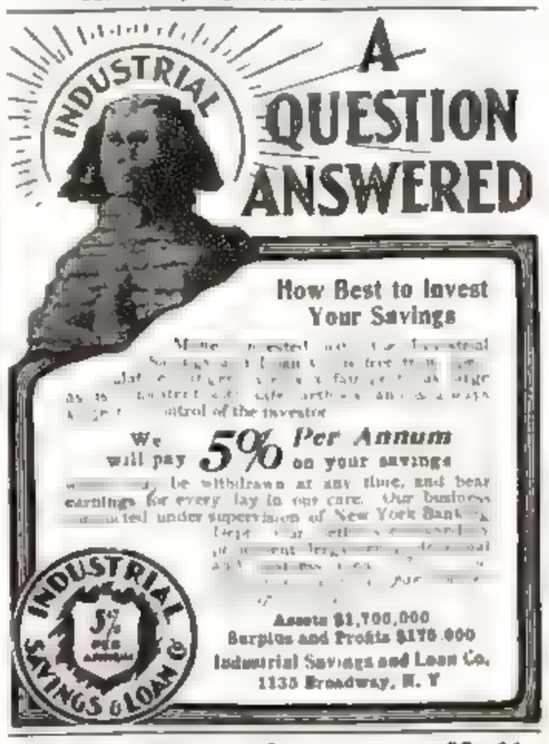
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Caves and cellars are the most suitable places for mushroom culture—not, as is supposed, because they are dark—for most of the edible fungi, in a state of nature, grow in daylight—but for the reason that in them temperature and air-moisture do not vary much. The agarics quickly perish if exposed to drafts and alternations of heat and cold. Next summer the Plant Bureau will raise several kinds of mushrooms, including the common field variety, in the open air, in experimental plats, and will test the spawns of some of the best wild species under various conditions

Thanks to botanical study, the development of the common mushroom is no longer a mystery, as it used to be. The notion that it "grows in a single night" has been exploded. As a matter of fact, it develops slowly, beginning with a knot at a joint of the network of white threads underground, and is fully formed (though compressed into small compass) some time before it makes its appearance above the soil. When, at length, it does appear it has the form of a "button," which in the course of twenty-four hours expands its little umbrella and gets ready to drop its myriad spores upon the fruitful earth

So much for the mushrooms. But there is another sort of fungus, equally appreciated by epicures, which science is trying to propagate by artificial means. This is the truffle—a thing about the size of a walnut, somewhat resembling in appearance a small potato, with a brown, warty surface. Commercially, the truffles of France are most valuable, about $3,000,000 worth of them being produced in that country annually. They fetch two dollars a pound, are put up in jars in their own juice, and are also chopped into bits for serving or canning with meat and game products.

It has been discovered that the spawn of the truffle can be developed from the wild spores by inoculating potatoes with them. For this purpose Dr. R. Dubois has introduced a thin piece of the fungus into each tuber, the latter being thereupon put in a moist, dark place. Within a few weeks appear threads of spawn, which, when sown in sealed vessels containing a mixture of starch and glucose, grow rapidly. Thus pure cultures of truffle "mycelium" are obtained

The next step is to sow the artificial spawn near oak trees, where wild truffles are commonly found. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to ascertain results, but good hopes are entertained. Should it prove practicable to reduce the fungus to cultivation in this manner, a great advantage, of important commercial usefulness, would be gained. For, unlike the mushroom, truffles are exclusively a wild crop, being found usually by the help of pigs, or by dogs trained to smell them out underground. The plant "fruits" beneath the surface of the soil

In a way similar to that described, Dr. L. Matruchot has succeeded in producing the spawn of the Perigord truffle and of the Burgundy truffle—two famous and much-prized varieties—on slices of carrot. But, whether carrot or potato be used, the utmost care has to be taken to avoid any inoculation of the vegetable tissue with other kinds of germs

The demand for truffles always exceeds the supply. They are found in parts of the United States, and in California recently an attempt has been made to put up the native product in cans for market. The French are considered much the finest, but, if pure cultures of the spawn of Perigord and Burgundy are rendered obtainable by the discovery above mentioned, it may be practicable in future to grow the delicacy in this country, of a quality unsurpassed by the foreign article.

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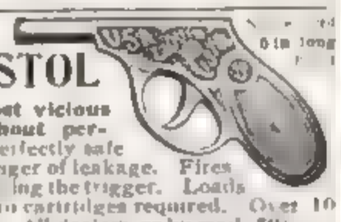

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The Reading Table

Not Quite Complete

ONE of the most beloved men in the United States Senate is John W. Daniel, the senior Senator from Virginia. Senator Hoar, in his volume of personal recollections, just out, makes frequent and almost affectionate mention of Senator Daniel, and the warmest friendship has for years existed between the gentleman from Massachusetts and the gentleman from Virginia. Senator Daniel and his crutches—he was General Jube Early's adjutant and was seven times wounded—are among the most familiar sights about the Senate chamber. The Virginia Senator is the personification of old fashioned courtesy, and, although he always dresses with the utmost neatness, his clothing is of a cut more frequently seen twenty years ago than to-day, though his old-fashioned dress is shown chiefly in the broad expanse of snowy linen which shows above his low-cut waistcoat.

It is said that Senator Hoar is responsible for a story on Senator Daniel which is going the rounds at the Capitol. Last summer Senator Daniel took advantage of his vacation to make a two-weeks' tour of the battlefields of Virginia, which he had not visited since '61-'65. He drove over them accompanied by a negro driver, and spending the nights at farmhouses.

The Senator thought when starting out from Washington that it would be well to garb himself suitably for the trip, so he went into a store on Pennsylvania Avenue and purchased an army shirt of blue flannel. He tried it on before buying and liked it so much that he had the one he had taken off sent to his hotel and kept on his recent purchase. Then he bought a necktie as red as the dyer could make it and knotted it about his neck. Suddenly he bethought him that he was to respond to a toast at a banquet in Richmond about the time his tour of the battlefields was to terminate, and that the high hat which he wore on such occasions had reached a stage which made a new one nothing short of a necessity. So he asked to be shown a high hat and, finding one he liked, told the salesman he would take it.

"Where shall I send it?" said the salesman as the Senator handed him the cost of the hat. Imagine the former's surprise at the reply, "Oh, I'll just keep it on; you may send the old one around to the Raleigh," and he gave him the soft felt which had been displaced by the silk.

Senator Daniel hobbled out on his crutches and had not gone far when he was met by the judge of one of the county courts in Virginia, an old friend. There were cordial greetings exchanged, but the judge could not conceal the surprised and amused expression on his countenance as he took in the blue flannel shirt, the red tie, the bob serge coat and the sleek silk hat.

"What's the matter with me?" asked the Senator, utterly oblivious of the grotesqueness of his attire. "What are you laughing at?"

"By George! Senator," replied the judge, "I'm laughing because you haven't got on tan shoes."

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Whereupon Mr. Cousins stepped back, making a gesture of mock astonishment. "You don't mean to tell me, Tom," exclaimed he excitedly, "that you patronize a tailor? Why, every one in the House always thought you were dressed by a costumer!"

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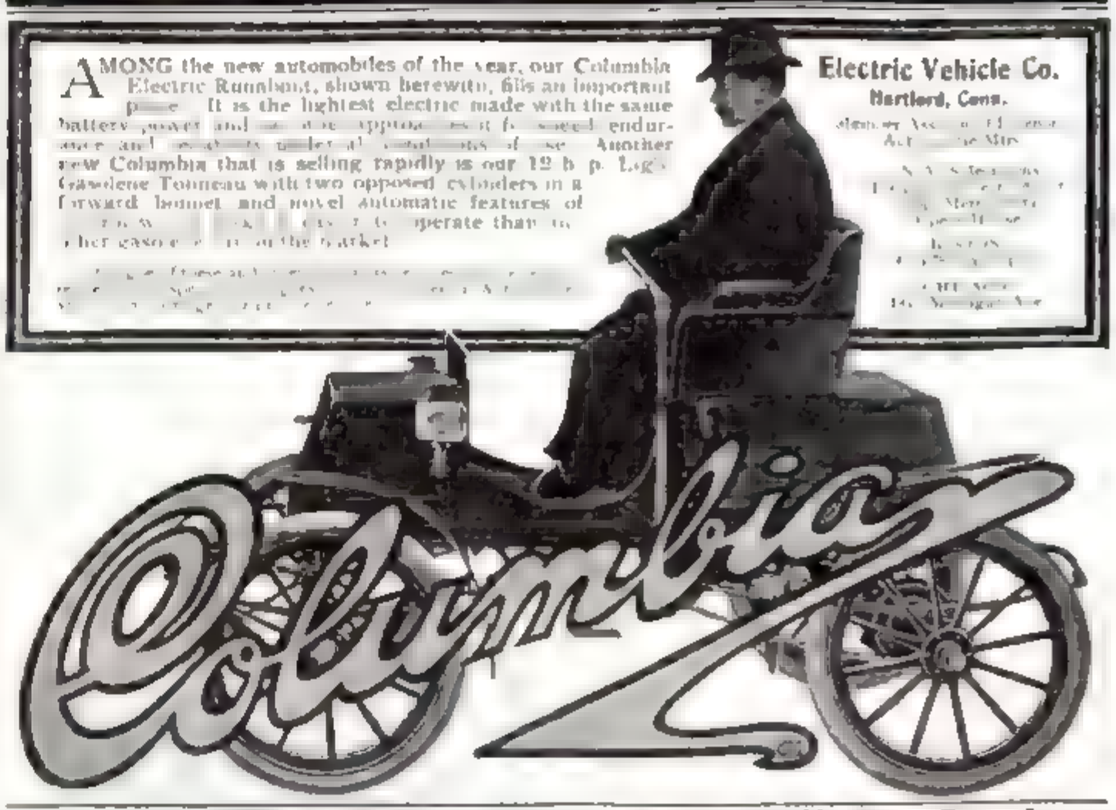

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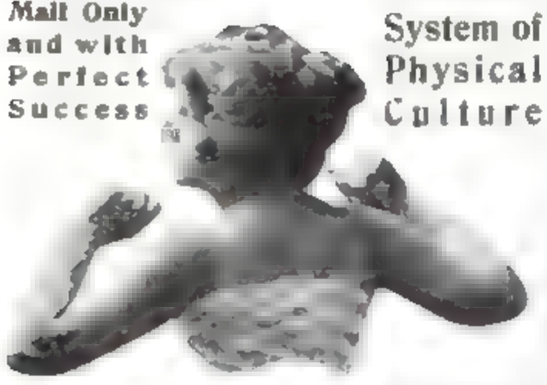

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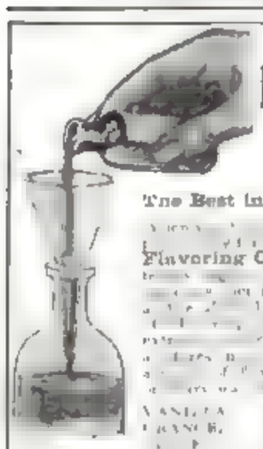
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The Unrepentant Groom

(Continued from Page 7)

"I *do* blame him, Miss Morgan."

"Then you're really sorry?" looking up quickly.

"No, not in the least."

"But you——"

"Apologize? Yes, surely, because I've hurt you."

"Why aren't you sorry?"

"Because I'd do the same thing again—if you came again."

"And hurt a girl's feelings?"

"Have I really done that?"

"Yes, you have, and I don't think it was fair—fair sport."

"It was *good* sport——"

"Mr. Winston!"

"I beg your pardon. But, dear lady, I—I—it was so good to see you and it was all so unrestrained, and now——"

"And now?"

"Well, there's something strained now, all right, and—I'm sorry."

She walked in silence up the club steps.

"Will you dance with me?" he asked.

"No, I don't think I will," and she looked steadily at him.

"Punishment?"

"I'm not so conceited as some people, Mr. Winston."

"Don't you care to dance with me?"

"Is there any reason why I should?"

"You're very severe, Miss Morgan," and his face hardened a little as he walked into the room where people were dancing and gave her up to the first man that asked her to dance.

As she circled around the room the Horse Show colors of the decorations reminded her of Boston's ribbons, and it was only a step to what had helped—perhaps made—him win. After all, if it had really been a groom he could not have taught her all that in one short week; after all, he had done more than most people could have done to win her what she most wanted; after all, it—it had been—amusing. And then she blushed.

There was a cotillon later. She noticed that Winston did not dance, that he had no partner. She noticed, too, that he stood with a group of men by the door, and that he was usually looking at her as she danced. After all, Boston had won. And she walked up to the table and discovered that the favors were riding stocks.

Again the girl flushed brightly as she smiled and moved over to the door. The men spread to either side, supposing she wished to pass. But she stepped up to Winston.

"Perhaps you may have some use for this whip," said she.

"Thank you," said he. "In my present frame of mind I think after the dance I'll go and beat William."

"Don't be too hard on him," as they swung around the room.

"Why?"

"He made Boston win, after all."

"You are pleading for him?"

"Not in the least."

"Then——"

"Chastise him for being disrespectful to a helpless girl, and then—then thank him for me."

"May I tell you the result to-morrow?"

"I hardly think it's worth while," said Miss Morgan.

II

NEXT day, Saturday, was the second day of the show. All the morning the traps were filled with the same people, and the different parties had luncheon on their big coaches or in under the trees near by. It was just as the afternoon events began that Winston came up to the Aspinwall party strolling out of the woods from luncheon.

They could not sit on the brake, as Aspinwall was going to show his four in the ring.

"Have you had enough for a time?" asked Winston of Miss Morgan.

"You know it *does* get tiresome after forty-eight hours," she acknowledged.

"Then come and walk with me and I'll report," and they turned into one of the wooded paths—some old timber road, perhaps—and strolled away.

"William's had his beating," sighed Winston.

"Did he take it well?"

"No; he objected. He said he meant no harm."

"Isn't he ever repentant?"

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"Yes, very. Wants to know what he can do to make up for his mistakes?"

"Tell him to return my five dollars," smiling.

"He's gone and spent it."

"Oh, how unsentimental," and she laughed in spite of herself.

"Wasn't it?"

"I suppose he drank it up," mischievously.

"No—o."

"Eat it up, then."

"No. Something worse than that."

"What did he do? I'm curious to know."

"The idiot went and bought this," and he held up a leather picture-frame out of which looked a photograph of herself.

"Mr. Winston, where did you get that picture?" demanded the girl, stopping short under the trees.

"I—I——"

"Take it out at once."

"It was given to me."

"Nonsense. Give it back to me."

"I tell you it isn't yours."

"Who gave it—wait!" And she examined it carefully as he held it up well out of her reach. "Oh, I'll pay Ethel Aspinwall for this!" And she clenched the white gloved hands in rage and amazement.

Then Winston calmly put it back in his pocket.

"Mr. Winston, I'm not angry. I simply ask you to give that back to me." There was something in the quiet tone that forced him to take out the picture, frame and all, and give it to her.

Then they walked on in silence for a time. Gradually he began to talk calmly about other things, and before they knew it the quick autumn twilight was upon them.

"Goodness me!" cried the girl. "We must get back."

And they turned and walked more quickly through the woods. The little path was hardly discernible now, and they were going down a steep hill, he in the lead to find the way, she following. Suddenly he heard a quick cry and turned to see her fall heavily. Even before he could reach her she had tried to get up and had fallen again; and then, by the pale, drawn face, he knew that something had happened.

"What is it?" he cried under his breath as he lifted her.

"My foot. My foot."

"Is it bad?"

"I can't stand on it."

"It hurts you, I can see."

"Wait a moment!" Then, holding by a tree with one hand and grasping his arm with the other, she made a try. There was a little cry of pain, and she looked up at him with a white face.

"Don't try it!" he said sharply. "Wait! Sit down here a moment." He made his way through the trees and came quickly back.

"There's a road just below here."

"Far?"

"No. Now, brace up your courage. I'm going to carry you."

"No, no! You can't." And the color came flooding back into her cheeks.

"Nonsense! Ready?"

"I can walk now, I am sure."

"Very well, try." But the first attempt showed how futile it was. Without a word he stooped down and gently lifted her, and it seemed so ridiculously impossible in these two that she flushed in embarrassment as she put her arm tightly around his neck to help him.

Not a word did either say as he carried her through the bushes down the hillside.

"I'm too heavy," murmured the girl.

"Heavy! I could carry you for miles." And suddenly they came out on the road.

"Put me down now, please," she begged, and he gently set the strong foot on the ground and held her.

"Where are we?"

"I'm blessed if I know. This is a new country to me."

"And I've never been here before, either. What shall we do?"

"There's a house. Come, we're off." And again, without a word, he lifted her and walked the two hundred yards to the farm-house door.

Once inside he had the household on the run in a moment; and the girl, sitting alone in the rocking-chair-and-wasp-nest parlor, leaned back and shut her eyes, trying to bear the pain without much thought of what might be happening.

In a moment Winston walked in, carrying a bucket of steaming water.

"What is that?" she asked apprehensively. He looked up at her and said sternly:

"Miss Morgan, take off your shoe and put your foot in that water."

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"I won't!" said she abruptly.

"You do just what I say, young woman. Put out the foot immediately, or I'll find it."

With speechless meekness she let him cut the tie and slit the shoe, and then, with a sigh of inexpressible relief, she put her foot in the hot water.

"Oh, if you knew how good that is!" she cried, with tears in her eyes.

"Know! Don't I know? Now, in fifteen minutes we'll have a wagon and in half an hour more we'll be home."

Looking up, she saw something in his eyes, and, perhaps because of the immense relief from pain in her foot, she laughed up at him.

"What a ridiculous predicament."

"Thank God for that smile!" cried Winston in high spirits. "They can't beat us." And then came word that the wagon was at the door.

Without so much as a "by your leave," he lifted her and carried her out to the back seat, and then appeared again with the bucket of hot water.

"You can't put that in here," cried the girl in amazement.

"Watch me."

And so they started homeward, the dainty girl with her foot in the bucket that kept spilling as they went along, the man sitting quietly by her.

"You're very good," cried the girl. "I'm so—so sorry."

"Don't you cry! Stop it!" commanded Winston.

"I—I can't help it." And the man could do nothing but sit by and wait.

So they rode on for three or four miles with little speech, till at last he lifted her out at the Aspinwalls' door amidst the amazement and surprise of the family.

Late the next afternoon Winston came over from the club and met Ethel in the hall.

"How is she?"

"Getting along famously. She's sprained her ankle."

"Can I see her?"

"I shouldn't wonder," smilingly.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing, only she seems to be expecting some one."

"What under the sun do you mean, fair lady?"

"Did you ever see such vain things as women are! That bad girl insisted on getting up three hours ago and dressing in her most becoming teagown. And there she sits upstairs in the sewing-room. I wonder why?"

But he was half-way upstairs.

"Ben, dear," said Ethel presently to her spouse, "Would you mind kissing me?"

"Why?" laughed he as he obeyed orders.

"Oh, I don't know; just for fun."

Winston knocked at the sewing-room door, and, upon being bidden, went in. Over by the window sat the girl on a lounge, in a white lacelike gown, smiling at him. He went hurriedly to her and, taking her hand, held it an instant, and then, quietly, gently, took her in his arms and kissed her.

"I can't help it! I can't," cried he. "Do you mind?"

"I don't know—quite," breathed the girl with shining eyes. And then for a space they said nothing, but sat there quietly, the brown head on his shoulder, while the sun dropped below the horizon.

"And the poor foot?"

"Better," whispered the girl.

"And you?"

"So happy! so happy!"

"After all, I'm the groom, still."

"What do you mean?"

"Bridegroom."

She sat upright and looked at him. Then, assuming the tone for the original groom, she said without a smile:

"William, such a joke as that is maudlin."

"Yes, miss."

"William, you will never be anything but a witless groom."

"Yes, miss."

"William," in a very different tone.

"Yes?"

"Will you take good care of me?"

"God helping me, I will, May," said the man solemnly and tenderly.

"Then you may keep the five dollars—dear."

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uniformly diffused; quick-to-act safety regulator; cold-excluding walls; convenient trays; hydro-safety lamp; copper tank; every condition a duplicate of nature's way, make the **Sure Hatch Incubator** a more certain hatcher than your favorite old hen. Photos in free catalogue E-23 tell the truth.

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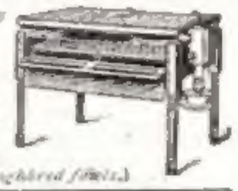
J. W. Miller's Incubator—made by the man who knows. It is really self-regulating.



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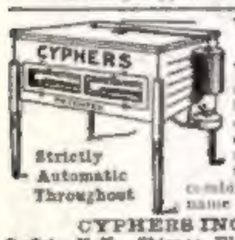

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Guaranteed to hatch more chicks and better chicks than any other make, or your money back. Adopted and endorsed by 36 Government Experiment Stations. Used by more successful poultrymen than all other makes combined. Complete catalog free if you name this magazine. Address nearest office.

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Our 100 breeding pens show fancy stock that has prize winning blood bred in them. All the leading varieties of

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Rare birds for fanciers from select matings. Prices low for high quality. Poultry catalogue 10c. Incubator catalogue free.

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SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (serving one squab). There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 2 A Friend Street, Boston, Mass.

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Fruit Book Free. Result of 78 years' experience

STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.; Etc.

THE COST

(Continued from Page 13)

James shivered. Fighting! There was no fight in him—all his life he had got everything without fighting. "Do your best," he said. "I'm very ill to-day. I'm——"

"Good-by——" Zabriskie had hung up the receiver.

James sat staring at the tape like a paralytic staring at Death. The minutes lengthened into an hour—into two hours. No one disturbed him—when the battle is on who thinks of the "honorary commander"? At one o'clock he shook himself, brushed his hand over his eyes—quotations of Woolens were reeling off the tape, alternating with quotations of Great Lakes. "Zabriskie is selling our Woolens," he thought. Then, with a blinding flash the truth struck through his brain. He gave a loud cry between a sob and a shriek and, flinging his arms at full length upon his desk, buried his face between them and burst into tears.

"Ruined! Ruined! Ruined!" And his shoulders, his whole body, shook like a crying child's.

A long, long ring at the telephone. Fanning-Smith, irritated by the insistent jingling so close to his ear, lifted himself and answered—the tears were guttering his swollen face; his lips and eyelids were twitching.

"Well?" he said feebly.

"We've got 'em on the run," came the reply in Zabriskie's voice, jubilant now.

"Who?"

"Don't know who—whoever was trying to squeeze us. I had to throw over some Woolens—but I'll pick it up again—maybe to-day."

Fanning-Smith could hear the roar of the Exchange—wilder, fiercer than three hours before, but music to him now. He looked sheepishly at the portrait of his grandfather. When its eyes met his he flushed and shifted his gaze guiltily. "Must have been something I ate for breakfast," he muttered to the portrait and to himself in apologetic explanation of his breakdown.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Ambergris

THE lump of ambergris stolen by two thieves in California the other day, and subsequently recovered, is said to have been worth $30,000, and was doubtless one of the largest pieces of that substance ever known. Certainly the finest, and perhaps the biggest, chunk of it obtained in modern times was sold in London in 1891. It weighed 163 pounds, and fetched $50,000.

There is no longer any mystery as to the origin of ambergris. It is a morbid secretion due to a disease of the liver of the sperm whale, in the intestines of which animal lumps of it are occasionally, though rarely, discovered. Dr. C. H. Stevenson, of the United States Fish Commission, who has made a special study of the subject, says that the whales which yield ambergris are invariably sickly and emaciated.

Anciently, the substance was known as amber—a name which was subsequently applied also to the fossil gum now commonly so called. But, to distinguish the two, one was called "*amber gris*" (gray), and the other "*amber jaune*" (yellow). So it appears that ambergris means simply gray amber. Like the fossil gum, pieces of it were found now and then on the seashore, where they had been cast up by the waves; hence, doubtless, the giving of the same name to both.

Doctor Stevenson says that ambergris usually contains the beaks of cuttlefishes, on which the sperm whale feeds. Sometimes it is black, but the finest is gray in color. When dried, to cure it, it is light and inflammable, and yields an odor faintly resembling honey. On being melted by heat it evaporates slowly, leaving no trace behind.

The substance has been used for centuries in sacerdotal rites of the church, and with fragrant gums was formerly burnt in the apartments of royalty. To some extent it was employed as a medicine and to flavor certain dishes. Nowadays it is utilized almost exclusively by perfumers, in the preparation of fine scents, being first converted into a tincture by dissolving it in alcohol.

A CONTEST
ONE SEWING MACHINE FREE
FOUR Sewing Machines ½ Cost
TEN Sewing Machines ⅔ Cost

ALL TO BE AWARDED FEB. 29th, 1904, WHEN CONTEST CLOSES.

Young's Steinway $65.00 Machine.

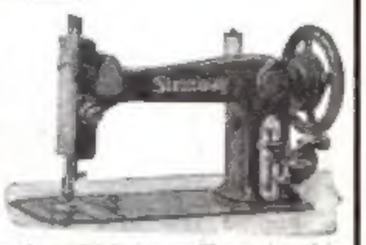
Beautiful quarter-sawed Oak Cabinet with automatic lift, bronzed drawer pulls, piano polish, hand enameled ball-bearing stand, full set of improved steel attachments, extreme high Arm, adjustable tensions, lock stitch, automatic bobbin winder, every new invention and improvement, the VERY BEST. "SHIPPED DIRECT FROM FACTORY."

The NAME of This High Grade Sewing Machine

Young's "Steinway"

CONTAINS

14 LETTERS



The person sending us the greatest number of English dictionary words (not proper names) made from these 14 letters will receive this *High Grade* Sewing Machine

ABSOLUTELY FREE

The **four** persons sending the next greatest number of words may each select and have any sewing machine *out of our 35 styles* shown in catalogue, at ½ the Factory price or ½ agent's cost. The next **ten** persons sending the greatest number of words may each have one of these machines at ⅔ of the Factory price to agents. The same quality machines are selling from $45.00 to $65.00. But under the terms and conditions offered here, those at ½ cost will figure $0.00 to $12.25; at ⅔ cost from $12.00 to $16.33. IN ADDITION the next **one hundred** persons sending the greatest list of words will each receive a "Certificate of Merit" entitling them to a rebate of **$2.00** below the "**factory prices**" to agents. All contestants will receive some reward for their effort. Write for particulars.

Young's "Steinway"

This Machine Absolutely FREE

(With 114 Others at Great Sacrifice)

Simply as an advertisement to make every one who is interested in securing the finest, newest, most improved and best sewing machine *remember* the "name and the maker" of this new and superior sewing machine, the finest ever made by any factory. ***Our Catalogues Are Free:*** Finely illustrated with colored photographs of the machines "*sold direct from factory*," and containing a great deal of valuable information about the late things on the sewing machine subject. *Ask for it.* Particulars of this EASY CONTEST *given on request.* Write for blanks and information. Ask for catalogue B-1002.

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NOTE—Entire Number of Machines given each month's Contestants. Not to be repeated unless so advertised. Each person may contest but ONCE.

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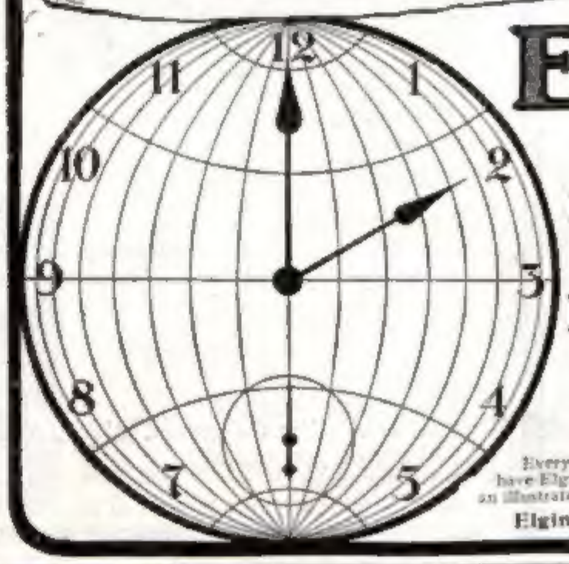

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PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for *Inventor's Guide.*

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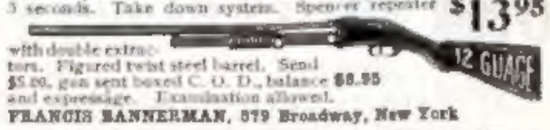

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with double extractors. Figured twist steel barrel. Send $5.00, gun sent boxed C. O. D., balance $8.95 and expressage. Examination allowed.

FRANCIS BANNERMAN, 579 Broadway, New York

STAMPS 100 all different Peru, Cuba, Bolivia, Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, Costa Rica, Turkey, etc., and ALBUM, only 10c. 1000 mixed, 20c. 1000 hinges, 10c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 VARIETIES, $5.00. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. 1904 List FREE.

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RARE COINS Etc. Large Greek silver coin, 326 B. C., $2.75. Columbian ½ or ½ dollar, 1892, each 75c. U. S. A. $5, $10 and $20, set 25c. 13 choice foreign coins in 3 metals, diff., 50c. Buying list 10c., Selling lists of 25,000 coins, etc., free.

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REDUCED RATES on household goods to and from Colorado, California, Washington and Oregon. *Write*

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Have you a little FAIRY in your home? We mean FAIRY SOAP of course!

Irrespective of price, the best is usually the cheapest in the end, but when the price of the best is also as cheap as the cheapest, twice wise is he who buys the best.

Its snowy whiteness, absolute purity, oval-shaped cake, free-lathering and floating qualities place FAIRY SOAP in a class above all other toilet and bath soaps.

The price is but 5c.—as low or less than you are asked to pay for soaps with but few of Fairy's virtues.

SEND US ten Fairy Soap oval box fronts (or if you prefer, 25 cents in stamps) and we will forward you a handsome collection of "10 Little Fairy" subjects. These pictures are artistic reproductions from photographs and will be admired and preserved by all lovers of children. Size 9¾ x 12½ inches, FREE FROM ALL ADVERTISING MATTER, ready for framing.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK CO., Dept. 111, Chicago

The Little Magician

His name is UPTON L. IRWIN

He lives in Kansas. With his **Post** bag and copies, Upton stepped into the office of a big Trust Company one day and asked for the President. When Upton explained the proposition to him and showed him a copy of **The Post** containing an article about "The Money Kings of the World," the President bought a copy, and signed an order for weekly delivery. The Cashier and also ten of his clerks are now Upton's regular customers.

Young Irwin's home was destroyed by the great flood last summer. With his parents he escaped at night by boat from a second-story window. Then he started selling **The Post** to buy clothes and school books. The clothes he wears were purchased with his **Post** money. He carries one of **The Saturday Evening Post** watches. He writes: ***"I have earned a bag, a rubber stamp, a watch and a sweater by selling THE POST. And I bought a new suit with the prize money. Now I am out for that St. Louis trip."***

ANY BOY willing to do a few hours' work on Fridays and Saturdays can earn money through this plan. If you will try it, write to us and we will furnish the first week's supply of ten copies, without charge, to be sold at five cents each; after that, all you require at the wholesale price.

$250 IN CASH and a TRIP TO THE ST. LOUIS FAIR Next Summer as prizes for boys who do good work next month.

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The magnitude of my business enables me to offer you various advantages which few other real estate brokers can possibly offer.

Some one or more of these several advantages will surely enable me to save you some money.

No matter where you are, or in what part of the country you want a property, I can serve you.

It makes no difference whether you want a $100 building lot, or a $10,000 farm, or $500,000 tract of coal land, or any other kind of real estate, I want to hear from you.

You will get the best possible service regardless of the size of the transaction.

Just the property you want may be on my list.

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In any event, I may find it and save money for you.

I am not only in a position to most advantageously serve the man who wants to buy a home or a farm, but I am in the best possible position to serve the man who wants to make a profitable investment.

To the Man Who Wants to Sell

Now, while you have the matter in mind, write and let me know what you have to sell *and how much money you want for it.* Or, instead of writing a letter, simply fill out and sign the blank at the bottom of this advertisement.

If your property (no matter in what city or state or territory it is located, or whether it is worth $500 or $500,000) is desirable, and the price fair, I would like to submit a plan (free) for selling it.

The plan will interest you even if you have no idea of ever placing the property in my hands.

If I can sell your real estate for a better price, and as quickly, as any other broker, you certainly want to know how and why.

Years of the most active kind of experience, offices in fourteen cities, hundreds of representatives throughout the country, and an annual expenditure of more than $100,000 in advertising, enable me to handle real estate transactions very expeditiously.

National bank, mercantile agency, corporation, and individual references gladly furnished.

Send coupon *today*, giving *description and price* of the property you want to sell.

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I offer for sale in Luzerne Co., Pa., 8 miles from Wilkesbarre (a city of 70,000) the largest and most complete poultry plant in the world. It embraces 82 acres situated in a fertile, well watered valley, on a gentle southeast slope. 35 acres are covered with buildings and yards with 112,000 sq. ft. of floor space under roof. Large ice storage and 3-story engine and boiler house with steam renovating room, machine room, bone mill, feed mill, cutters, crushers, etc. Thoroughly up-to-date packing and shipping facilities. The plant has been established for 5 years and supplies the very best class of trade in Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey. Its trade in blooded stock is world-wide. It is completely stocked and everything is in thorough repair and perfect running order. For special reasons the plant is now offered at a figure very much below its real value and will prove a very exceptional investment to the purchaser who will maintain its high standard of produce. Write for price and further particulars.

F709—An ideal fruit farm of 25 acres, San Diego Co., Cal., at Carlsbad, on the Santa Fe R. R. Excellent buildings, beautifully located 200 feet above sea level. All good, rich land with variety of fruit. A delightful home at a bargain. $6000.

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B409—One of the coolest houses in Massillon, Ohio. Buff brick and shingle. 8 rooms with every modern convenience. Handsomely finished throughout. Excellent location, 5 blocks from R. R. station. $11,000.

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Size ..... *State* .....
City or County or part of State preferred .....
The price must be between $ ..... *and $* .....
I will pay ..... *down, and the balance* .....

Name .....
Address .....

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Please send without cost to me, a plan for finding a cash buyer for my property, which consists of .....
in the town or city of .....
County of ..... *and State of* .....
and which I desire to sell for $ .....
The plan is to be based upon the following brief description of the property: .....

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Address .....

Thousands of my clients have endorsed my methods. Here are samples of recent letters from the North, East, South and West

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I have the pleasure of acknowledging your check for $1268.80, in settlement for the Jackson County, Wis., land, sale of which you have just completed. Your efforts have been entirely satisfactory to me, particularly as the land was only recently placed in your hands.

HENRY GRIFFITH,
Shandaken, N. Y.

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We have received the check in full payment for our New Jersey property. It is a remarkable fact that this property has been on the market and in the hands of various agents for more than twenty years, and your success in making a cash sale in a short time is proof to us that you are the only agent who ever made a real effort to dispose of it. Your methods are up-to-date. MR. & MRS.
O. C. WHITTEMORE,
Athol, Mass.

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I was more than pleased to receive check for the price of my house and lot in DeSoto County, Florida, and I want to commend the skill and promptness with which you have handled the transaction.

MRS. EMILY S. PERKINS,
Terryville, Conn.

CALIFORNIA

Find enclosed check for $467.80 in full payment of balance of your commission on the sale of my timber lands in this place. I must say, at this long distance, it is certainly wonderful how you are able to find the parties who wish to purchase. I never more willingly paid for services than I do in this case. I wish you all the success which you so richly deserve.

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